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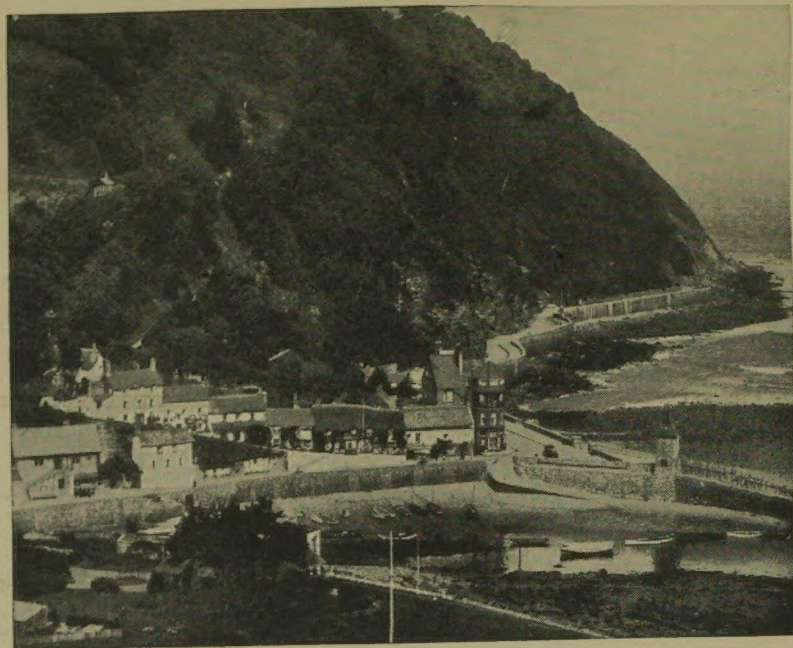
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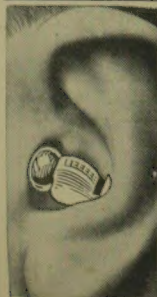
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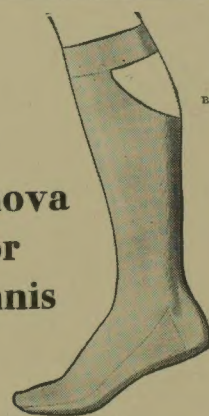
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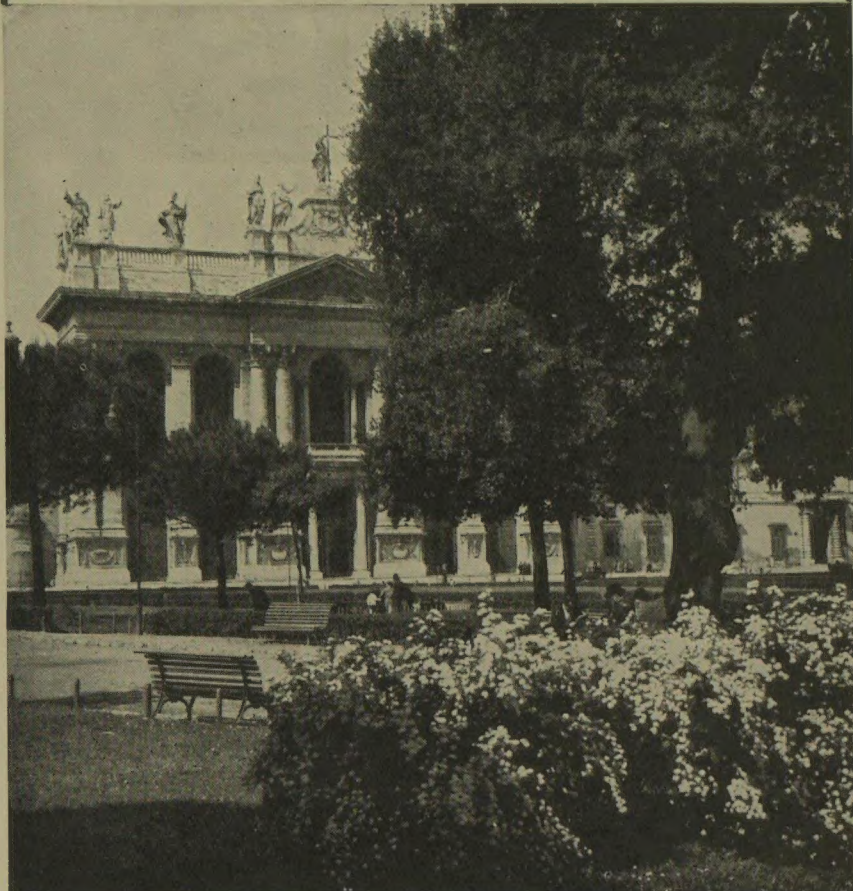
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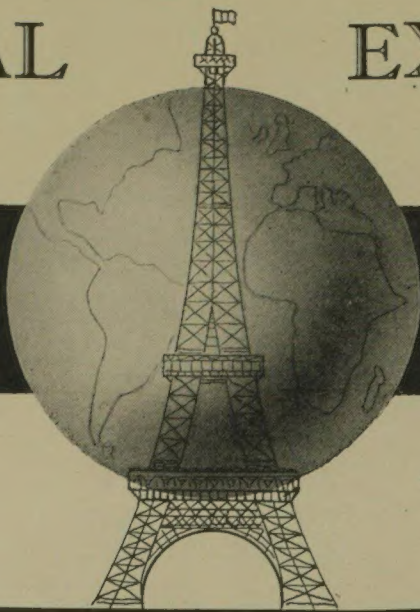
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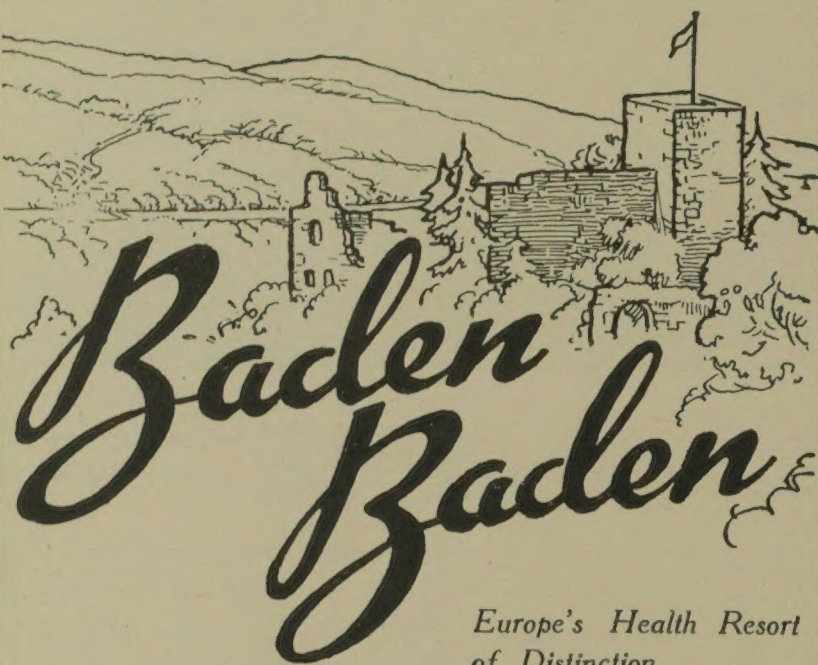


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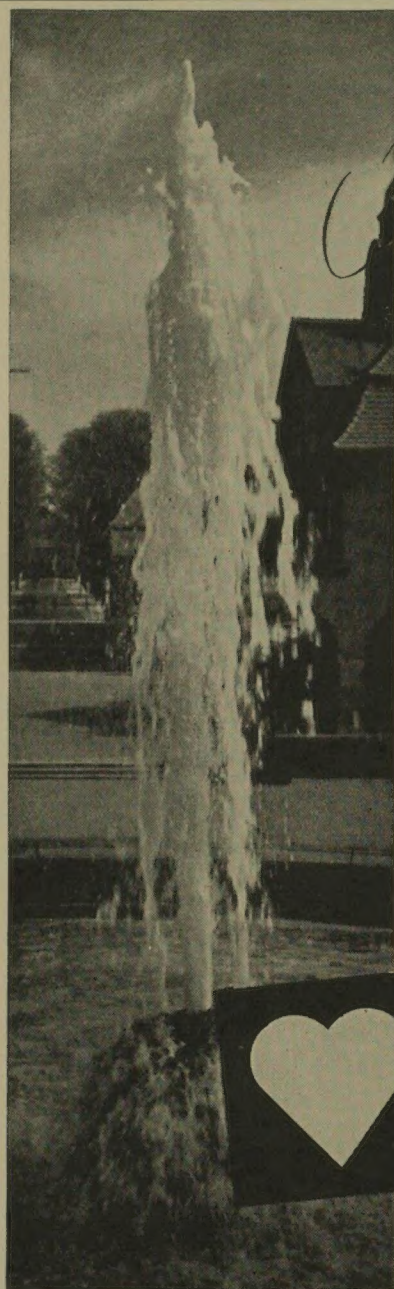
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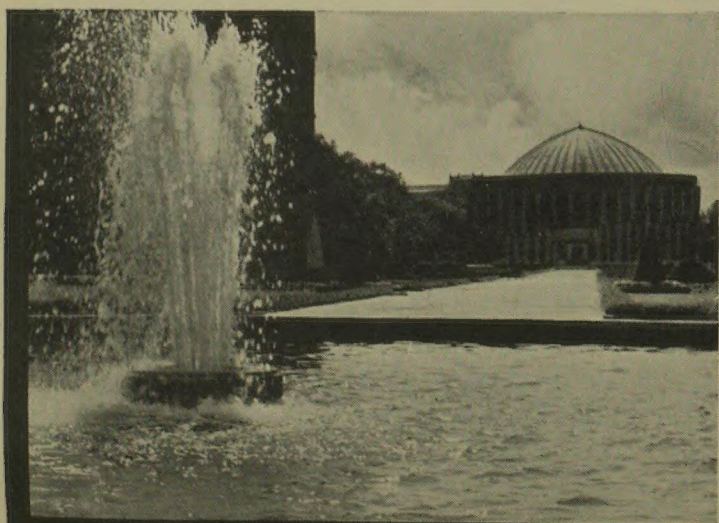
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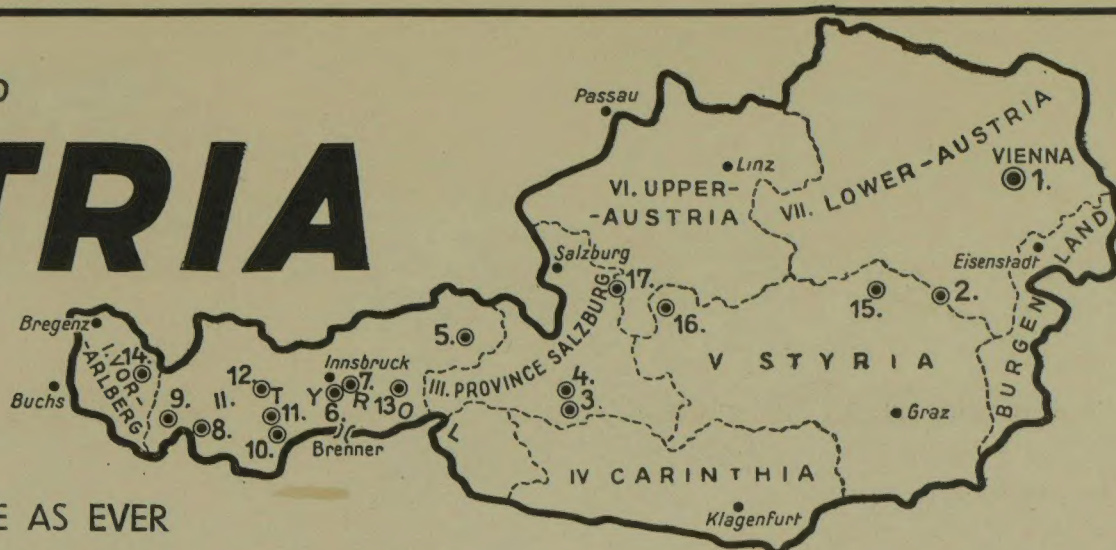


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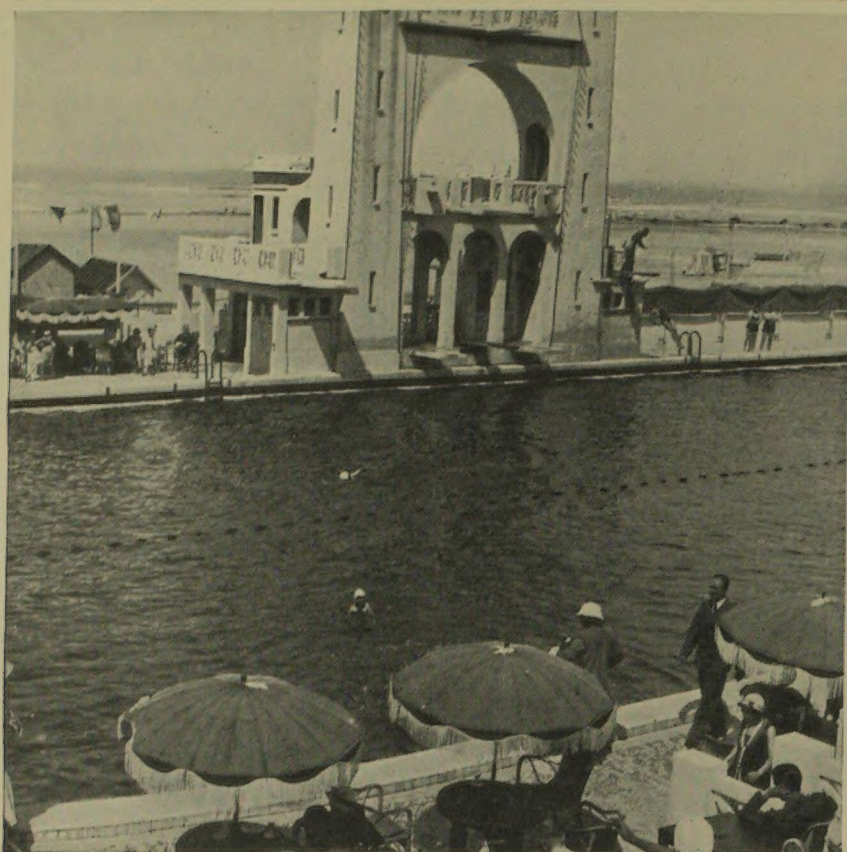
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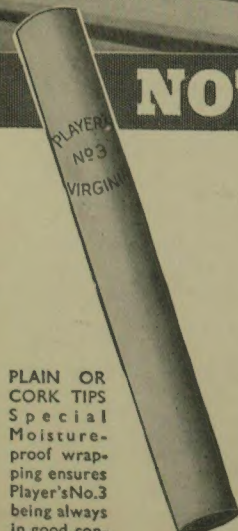
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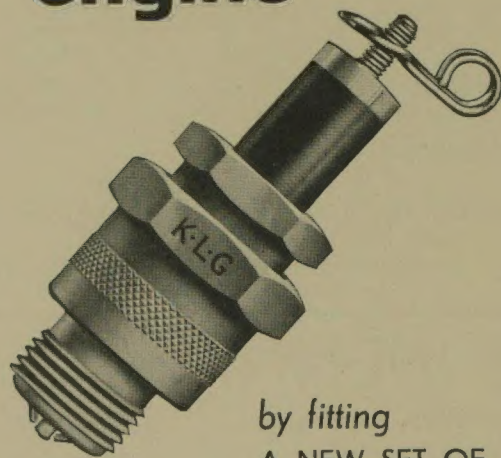
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SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1937.



**THE FALL OF BILBAO: A PEACEFUL STREET SCENE AFTER THE BLOODLESS OCCUPATION OF THE CITY BY GENERAL FRANCO'S TROOPS AND TANKS, ONE OF WHICH IS SEEN ON THE LEFT.**

General Franco's forces entered Bilbao on June 19 and received the submission of some 1200 Basque militiamen, who had taken control of the city and hoisted the white flag, after driving out Asturian and Anarchist extremists bent on house-to-house resistance. No shots were fired, and the entry was made in such a way as to reassure the population and show that they had nothing to fear. Thousands of men, women, and children were gathered in the streets to cheer the victors,

and there was general relief that the miseries of the siege had ended. When Nationalist officers entered in small groups they found themselves welcomed as friends by the crowds, who organised impromptu processions in their honour. Later, some tanks and armoured cars drove into the Old Town, a detachment of the "Black Arrow" brigade came in from Las Arenas, and a battalion of *Requetés* and Falangists. People could be seen munching bread given them by soldiers.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AT Harrow, where the present writer was taught much that he has forgotten and a little that he still knows, there used to be a stone tablet in the wall—and I suppose it is still there—commemorating the fact that at that spot, while a boy at Harrow School, Antony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, witnessed a pauper's funeral and was so deeply moved by the inhuman brutality of the scene that he vowed to dedicate himself to the amelioration of the lot of the poor. His good and noble life of public service was the sequel of the tale, which, whether true or not, provides a key to much that has happened since Shaftesbury's youth and much that is happening still in twentieth-century Britain. For by his life's endeavour, Shaftesbury profoundly changed the nature of life for millions of humble people. He did so because of the strong impression which he received in youth of the necessity for such change.

There is nothing exceptional in a sensitive lad's being appalled by what he finds the world to contain.

no one thinks it is of any use to do so. They are just accepted as part of the eternal order of things.

But the truth is that, Marxists and captains of finance notwithstanding, nothing of man's doing is inevitable:

Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Creatures of habit, we are ready to accept evils, not because they are unavoidable, but because they exist. We even come to resent the strictures of those who criticise them. It seems as though a part of ourselves were being attacked.

A hundred and more years ago the most crying evil in England was the neglected state of the very poor. Everyone knew about it and everyone accepted it as part of the eternal scheme of things. Those who deplored it were looked upon as impracticable sentimentalists, just as the poet Southey was in young

little or no sense of humour, and he had immense courage. All the aims for which he fought—acclaimed by his contemporaries as impracticable—were subsequently won, many in his own lifetime. They are now regarded by people of all classes and parties as as much part of the eternal order of things as the inviolable laws (as they seemed to our great-grandparents) which they displaced.

At the moment of writing these lines, I am coming in from the sea. Around me is green water, above the majesty of the unclouded heavens, ahead the hills of southern England, marred almost out of recognition by the orgy of uncontrolled building which has obliterated what was formerly one of the loveliest coast lines in the world. The same is true of almost every town in modern Britain: however beautiful its earlier self, however lovely the country about it, it is to-day being surrounded by a drab and uninformed orgy of cheap, hasty building, which a little thought and control could have made seemly, and even



THE CLOSING SESSION OF THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE: AN OFFICIAL GROUP OF MEMBERS TAKEN AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The closing session of the Imperial Conference was held at St. James's Palace on June 15. Soon afterwards a "summary of the proceedings" was issued, stating that "The utmost co-operation is needed in matters of defence and international relationships with the understanding that all members of the Empire are free to formulate their own policy." Our photograph shows: (back row, l. to r.) Mr. Adam, Mr. Christie, Mr. Berendsen, Sir H. Batterbee, Dr. Skelton, Sir M. Hankey, Mr. Strahan,

Sir R. Howorth, Dr. Bodenstein, Mr. Nash; (second row, l. to r.) Lord Hartington, Senator Clarkson, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Dunning, Sir S. Hoare, Mr. Lapointe, Mr. Huggins, Mr. M. MacDonald, Dr. Ba Maw, Mr. Casey, Mr. Ormsby Gore, Mr. Fourie, Mr. Mackenzie, Sir Zafrullah Khan, Mr. Smit; (front row, l. to r.) Mr. W. Nash, Mr. Crerar, Lord Zetland, Mr. Savage, Mr. Mackenzie King, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lyons, Gen. Hertzog, Sir A. Parkhill, Mr. Havenga, Lord Halifax. —[Photograph by Vandyk.]

It is happening all the time: it probably happens to all of us. The world is full of injustice, ugliness, and brutality, and always has been. It is natural that generous and ardent young men, filled with a hopeful sense of what life might be, should be horrified and indignant at what it so frequently is. But they generally go no further than this sense of horror and indignation. A few fluttering efforts to change things, there may be: a year or two of academic Socialism, a casual speech or article, a fanfare of brave words against the walls of Jericho. But the walls do not fall. They require more than trumpets and brave words to bring them down. And usually, after a few experimental blasts, the young would-be reformers give up the unequal struggle and settle down to the prosaic, theoretically selfish and practically exacting task of earning a livelihood for themselves and their dear ones. It seems enough to absorb any man's energies and rather more. For the rest, the world can go hang. And if any ardent young reformer of a still younger generation protests, he is answered by those who once were young too, but now are young no more, that such things ever were, and ever must be.

And the sad thing about it all is that, usually, despite all the dreams of the young idealists, the world does go hang. The most shameful and calamitous abuses go on, to the disgust and injury of every decent man, and no one says them nay, simply because

Macaulay's essay. I have no doubt that if, after seeing the pauper's funeral winding up past the Billiard to the visible Church on the Hill, the schoolboy Ashley had told his elders and betters of the anguish he had felt at what he had seen, he would have been told not to be such a fool as to repine at the inevitable. He would have been set down as an ass. The laws of supply and demand, he would have been assured, as he was many times later, were fixed of old and could not be changed.

Yet what made the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury's life memorable was that he refused to accept these laws as inevitable. He saw certain hideous and degrading human wrongs—child labour, for instance—and set himself to the task of removing them. When he was told that by doing so he would infringe the laws of supply and demand, he replied metaphorically that the laws of supply and demand could go to Jericho. He spent his whole life in defying them, and by his example, caused others to defy them too. The manufacturers, and their allies the economists, announced that the reduction of an hour in the long hours of child labour would ruin every industry in the country. Shaftesbury's answer was that if they depended on such slavery, they had far better be ruined. He was abused, obstructed, and ridiculed. Fortunately for himself he was one of those rare Englishmen whom ridicule does not affect, for he had

ennobling. It is not just a question of aesthetics: it has social and political implications as well. To make men love their country, said Burke, we must make their country lovely. In the past the strength of English patriotism has depended on the beauty of the English scene: it was something that made a profound impression on rich and poor alike. Men felt, as the fugitive Charles when he drew in his horse on the downland turf and gazed over the wooded glory of the Sussex Weald, that England was a country worth fighting for, living for, and dying for. We are in danger of destroying all that—we have already destroyed much—and leaving in its place nothing but the shambles of a squatters' civilisation.

Those who protest, and they are many, at such senseless desecration, are told that such things are inevitable. So, a hundred years ago, our ancestors supposed that the child slavery of the new factories was inevitable. The march of progress could not be changed. But the conscience of a Christian gentleman and a great patriot told him that they could be changed. And perhaps to-day, somewhere in some ugly wilderness of screeching cars and jerry-built houses, an English boy is growing up whose heart has told him that these things are in themselves evil, and whose resolution in the years to come will overcome the inertia and fatalistic indifference of those who let them be.



## IN ROYAL WORDS—"UNIVERSALLY MOURNED": THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PAN."



THE BEST-BELOVED WRITER OF HIS DAY: THE LATE SIR JAMES BARRIE, DRAMATIST AND NOVELIST, WHOSE PLAYS AND STORIES "BROUGHT JOY AND INSPIRATION TO YOUNG AND OLD."



AS A PUBLIC MAN: SIR JAMES BARRIE, O.M., LL.D., IN HIS ROBES AS CHANCELLOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

THE nation's sorrow at the passing of

Sir James Barrie, who died in London on June 19, aged seventy-seven, was expressed in the King's message of sympathy to Mr. Peter Davies (as a boy the original of Peter Pan). "His loss," said the King, "will be universally mourned, for his writing has brought joy and inspiration to young and old alike." James Matthew Barrie was born on May 9, 1860, at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, a town he afterwards immortalised as Thrums. He was one of the ten children of a hand-loom weaver, who managed to give him a good education, eventually at Edinburgh University, of which, in 1930, he became Chancellor. Barrie began his career in journalism, on the "Nottingham Daily Journal," but soon gravitated to London. In 1888 he published "Auld Licht Idylls," followed by "When a Man's Single" and "A Window in Thrums." In 1891 came "The Little Minister," which in 1897, in dramatic form, established him as a successful playwright. "Peter Pan" appeared in 1904, and ever since has been an annual institution. In 1929 Barrie presented all rights in it to the Children's Hospital. Among his numerous other plays are "The Professor's Love-Story," "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "Dear Brutus," "Mary Rose," and "The Boy David." In 1913 he received a baronetcy and in 1922 the Order of Merit.



BARRIE'S GIFT TO KENSINGTON GARDENS: THE STATUE OF PETER PAN BY SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON.



## FLOODLIT PAVILIONS IN "THE CITY OF LIGHT": NIGHT-TIME



CLEAR-CUT AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY—THEIR BRILLIANCE REFLECTED BY THE SEINE: THE ILLUMINATED ITALIAN AND SWISS PAVILIONS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



SERVING AS THE PEDESTAL FOR AN ENORMOUS STATUE: THE SOVIET RUSSIA PAVILION, NEAR THE SEINE, BATHED IN LIGHT; WITH FOUNTAINS PLAYING IN THE BEANS.

The beauty of floodlighting, and the extraordinary way in which it changes majestic buildings into glowing, fairy-like dream-palaces, was witnessed in London during the Silver Jubilee and, more recently, during the Coronation period. With this in mind, it is possible to visualise to some extent the grandeur of the Paris Exhibition at night.



AMONGST THE HIGHEST BUILDINGS IN THE EXHIBITION: THE FLOODLIT EAGLE AND TOWER OF THE GERMAN PAVILION ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE RIVER.



FLOODLIT STANDARDS BEARING SYMBOLIC MEDALLIONS: THE CONCORDE GATE THROUGH WHICH ONE REACHES THE BANKS OF THE SEINE—THE AXIS OF THE EXHIBITION.

When seen from one of the launches which ply along the whole length of the Exhibition, the sight is unforgettable, for the calm waters of the Seine not only mirror the great structures set up by the Powers, but are themselves agleam. The statuary on the Italian, Russian, and German Pavilions becomes more impressive; and the Eiffel Tower

(Continued on right.)

## GLORIES OF THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS.



FAIRY PALACES MIRRORED IN THE PLACID WATERS OF THE SEINE: THE ITALIAN AND SWISS PAVILIONS VIEWED AT NIGHT-TIME FROM ONE OF THE LAUNCHES WHICH FLY ALONG THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE EXHIBITION—A DISTANCE OF ABOUT THREE AND A HALF MILES.

(Continued.) turns into a pillar of fire. The Paris International Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in Modern Life, it may be added, occupies some 250 acres of ground and has a circumference of over four and a half miles. It extends from the Place de la Concorde to the Ile des Cygnes, and its shorter axis goes from the Place du Trocadéro to the Ecole Militaire. After dark, the whole of this area spreads out in a glitter of light on the banks of the Seine, which itself is transformed into a river of silver and gold. The Exhibition is a faithful representation in its most picturesque aspect of practically every part of the globe. It falls naturally into two main divisions—the French section, which includes the Provincial centre and Overseas France, and the foreign sections, in which forty-two nations are represented. The United Kingdom Pavilion was opened by the Lord Mayor of London on June 19.



NATIONALISM SYMBOLISED IN STATUARY: (LEFT) AN EQUESTRIAN FIGURE GIVING THE FASCIST SALUTE ON THE ITALIAN PAVILION; (CENTRE) A MAN AND A WOMAN WORKER ON THE U.S.S.R. PAVILION; AND (RIGHT) THE EAGLE ON THE GERMAN PAVILION.



# WIMBLEDON, 1937: THE SEEDED MEN PLAYERS.



H. HENKEL (GERMANY).  
Ranked No. 3 at Wimbledon.



H. W. AUSTIN (C.B.).  
Ranked No. 4 at Wimbledon.



B. M. GRANT (U.S.A.).  
Ranked No. 5 at Wimbledon.



D. BUDGE (U.S.A.).  
Ranked No. 1 at Wimbledon.

THE list of seeded players for the lawn tennis championships which began at Wimbledon on June 21 presented few surprises. H. Henkel, who is ranked as No. 3, has not been seeded before. He beat Austin recently in the final of the French Championships. F. Parker is a new-comer to Wimbledon, but ranks as No. 2 in the United States. D. Budge, who ranks as No. 1, was beaten by Perry last year in the semi-finals; while C. von Gamm was runner-up to Perry two years running. Vivian McGrath, the Australian Champion, is a two-handed player.

(Continued on opposite page.)



C. VON GAMM (GERMANY).  
Ranked No. 2 at Wimbledon.



R. MENZEL (CZECHOSLOVAKIA).  
Ranked No. 6 at Wimbledon.



V. McGRATH (AUSTRALIA).  
Ranked No. 7 at Wimbledon.



F. A. PARKER (U.S.A.).  
Ranked No. 8 at Wimbledon.

# WIMBLEDON, 1937: THE SEEDED WOMEN PLAYERS.



SEÑORITA A. LIZANA (CHILE).  
Ranked No. 3 at Wimbledon.



MISS H. JACOBS (U.S.A.).  
Ranked No. 1 at Wimbledon.

(Continued.)

B. M. Grant is a particularly active one, in spite of his lack of inches. H. W. Austin is the only representative of Great Britain amongst the seeded men—he was a finalist in 1932. Miss Alice Marble has been seeded for the first time and is ranked No. 5. She is the American Champion and has a variety of strokes. Señorita Lizana first competed in 1935. Miss Helen Jacobs is the reigning champion. She was runner-up on three occasions—in 1929 and 1932 to Mrs. Wills Moody and in 1934 to Miss Dorothy Round. Fru S. Sperling was runner-up in 1931 and 1936. She was formerly Fri. Krahwinkel.



MISS A. MARBLE (U.S.A.).  
Ranked No. 5 at Wimbledon.



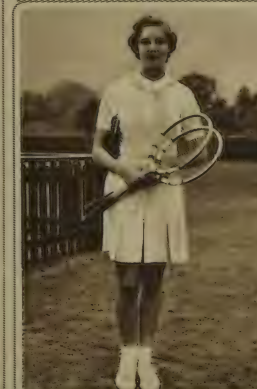
FRU S. SPERLING (DENMARK).  
Ranked No. 2 at Wimbledon.



MME. R. MATHIEU (FRANCE).  
Ranked No. 6 at Wimbledon.



MISS D. ROUND (C.B.).  
Ranked No. 7 at Wimbledon.



MISS K. STAMMERS (G.B.).  
Ranked No. 8 at Wimbledon.



# A GREAT ELIZABETHAN GENTLEMAN AT SEA AND ASHORE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE OF THE 'REVENGE': By A. L. ROWSE.\*

(PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN CAPE.)

**G**RENVILLE of the *Revenge*. His name, the name of his ship, the saga of his last fight—"memorable," said Bacon, "even beyond credit, and to the height of some heroic fable"—are all that most can tell of the venturer who, after the forlorn and frenzied battle about the isles of Açores, "emerged as the legendary hero of

all the original documents of a personal and family character, which should have remained in private hands." But, although deprived of this aid, "the delicious aid, of private and familiar correspondence," the biographer has been able not only to tap recognised sources, but to explore streams of most satisfying limpidity.

I cannot do better than quote him on his discoveries. "A charming diary of an Elizabethan Cornish gentleman, William Carnsew, lurking in a quiet corner of the Public Record Office, has yielded several personal glimpses of Grenville. The Patent Roll revealed a wholly unsuspected and most exciting story that must have gone out of mind with Grenville's own generation, of the man he killed in an affray in the streets of London, when still in his minority: his first appearance upon the public scene. I have at last tracked down the date of Grenville's birth. . . . Further new material from English sources adds to our knowledge at a good many points.

"The yield from the Spanish archives has been even more exciting. Hitherto we have had to depend for our knowledge of the action off Flores upon English sources, none of them first hand. It is not surprising that the action has always remained something of a mystery. But I have had the inestimable good fortune to track down in Spanish archives an actual first-hand account of the battle from on board one of the Spanish ships, an official account, objective, reliable, matter of fact. . . . Other Spanish documents brought to light give us new information about Grenville's doings in the West Indies on his way out to the planting of the first English colony in America, the Virginia colony of 1585-6; and an account from the Spanish side of his capture of a rich Spanish prize off the Bermudas on his way home. We derive from this account of a captured Portuguese merchant a close-up of Grenville as captor: a great Elizabethan gentleman at sea, served upon silver, who ate to the sound of music, as Drake did upon his voyage round the world. Other documents again, Spanish and English, throw light upon Grenville's great project for a Pacific voyage, four years before Drake actually sailed upon his, and upon the curious state of relations, half rivalry, half mutual-exclusion, that existed between Grenville and Drake." Treasure, this, fit for the *flotas* from the Indies which set out flauntingly, if a trifle fearfully, to replenish Spain with the resources of her Empire.

There is but one portrait-painting of Grenville in our possession: it is here reproduced. Mr. Rowse has produced a portrait in words which supplements it most admirably. For a second time, we see Grenville as he must have been.

What was he like, then, this natural leader who was by origin a "martial" man, "not a sea-captain, and so accounted until the fame of his last commission at sea put out of mind his earlier life"? He was the "experimented," the experienced, soldier; he was an owner of lands and of ships who was acutely aware of the commercial, of profit and of loss; he was an active Sheriff of Cornwall, and a practical and punctilious Justice of the Peace; yet his glorious death, an angry prisoner in the Spanish flagship *San Pablo*, became him so well that little else was remembered: did not one of Philip's great galleons come into harbour at Lisbon, "in her fighting sails, being sumptuously decked with ancients [ensigns], streamers and pendants, with all other ornaments to show her bravery. She let fly all her ordnance in a triumphant manner for the taking of Sir Richard Grenville

in the *Revenge* at the island of Flores, she being one of that fleet and the first voyage she ever made."

From the beginning to the end were forty-nine years (Grenville was born on or about June 15, 1542), years dedicated to Queen, to country, and to self; full years of undaunted energy and firm purpose.

In his Last Dying Speech, as the ballad-mongers would have had it, he spoke, as Linschoten reported: ". . . my

soul most joyful departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty, as he was bound to do. But the others of my company have done as traitors and dogs, for which they shall be reproached all their lives and leave a shameful name for ever." Fine words—if they be given actually as recorded—fine words with that sting that was so indicative of the speaker, who could chastise with scorpions when he deemed the whip too light.

That he was unjust to those who were with him in the *Revenge* is certain. His ship, with a hundred men fit and ninety sick "laid in hold upon the ballast," fought until her condition was desperate: "Raleigh compares it to a slaughter-house, 'the ship being marvellous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men.'" "Grenville's courage rose to heroic heights: a sort of fixed, daemonic will, a gesture against the world and fate. . . . Perhaps it was due to his being a dying man; but he was in full command of his senses and capable of still imposing his will upon the ship."

"'Sir Richard finding himself in this distress,' says Raleigh, 'commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship'—there was evidently enough powder left for that—that



"THE FIGHT OF THE ONE AND THE FIFTY-THREE": A CONTEMPORARY TAPESTRY OF GRENVILLE'S HEROIC ACTION IN THE *REVENGE*; LENT TO THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM AT GREENWICH.

Our readers will remember that we reproduced this tapestry on the front page of our issue of April 10 last, in connection with the opening of the Maritime Museum at Greenwich. We give it here, on a much smaller scale, as a fitting illustration for our Appreciation of "Sir Richard Grenville of the 'Revenge.'" It was woven only eight years after the event it depicts. M. Hippolyte Worms, of Paris, has lent it to the Museum.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. (Copyright Reserved.)

Elizabethan sea-warfare." To the generations succeeding his own, he has been more a myth than a man. Now, the persistent Mr. Rowse has dispelled the darkness that enshrouded him, and out of the shadows strides a very representative of his time. "His career was an embodiment of those tendencies which were characteristic of the age and made it what it was. We can see that he was neither the romantic and chivalrous survival from the Middle Ages such as Corbett imagined, nor the inhuman and ravening figure of the islanders' legend in the Azores. He was very typical of his age and class—that small class of captains and commanders by land and sea which set the pace for the Elizabethan Age. Like them, he was strenuous, hard-working, acquisitive, restless, devoted; more selfless than most: there was nothing of the egoist in him, as in so many of those others. He had the passion for action that was common to them all; indeed, he was solely the man of action; for though he was very capable of giving an opinion on public matters. . . . he was, unlike Raleigh, singularly unspeculative. . . . It is notable that when he was consulted on public matters, it was usually on technical affairs; matters relating to defence, or harbour works, which were regarded in much the same light as fortification; or questions of detail relating to the administration of his county."

Endeavouring to reveal him in the round, Mr. Rowse won the guerdon awaiting the thorough seeker: it were fairer to say, of the painstaking and erudite enthusiast. His task was unusually difficult. Little has been known of Grenville's life hitherto, "for an extraordinary series of mischances has destroyed, so far as one can gather,

\* "Sir Richard Grenville of the 'Revenge': An Elizabethan Hero." By A. L. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. (Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d.)



THE WRITER OF THAT FAMOUS PAMPHLET "A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AÇORES, THIS LAST SUMMER, BETWIXT THE 'REVENGE,' ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN": SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Reproduced from the Original in the National Portrait Gallery by Courtesy of the Trustees. (Copyright Reserved.)



SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE IN 1571: THE COUNTRY'S ONLY PORTRAIT-PAINTING OF THE HERO OF THE LAST FIGHT OF THE *REVENGE*.

Reproduced from the Original in the National Portrait Gallery by Courtesy of the Trustees. (Copyright Reserved.)

thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards. . . . And persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else. . . . The master gunner readily condescended and divers others. But the Captain and the Master were of another opinion. . . . What an extraordinary scene it is! It is more like the daemonic determination, the self-dedication to death of those early Norse seamen, whose blood, the Grenvilles boasted, ran in their veins, than it was like sixteenth-century warfare. No wonder the Islanders believed that Grenville's soul was possessed by devils."

Yet, in a measure, it might have been anticipated: in all his doings and his dealings Grenville was the embodiment of the back-to-the-wall spirit, an aristocrat who felt that he had been born to be obeyed. And: "Deep down . . . at the root of the man, there was, surely, an element of unbalance, of overstrain. It comes out in his impulsive temper, terrifying to his subordinates, which made him unloved where Drake was adored. . . . Yet that he did try to subject himself to discipline is equally evident from his public career: the long, laborious service to the State in so many fields, and on the whole, as was Elizabeth's way, so little rewarded. . . . Perhaps he was unattractive to the Queen, a hard man, without gallantry; she may not have felt entire confidence in him, and, shrewd judge of men that she was, she would not have been wrong." There were "subtle hesitations" of her mind.

For all that, he was used and ever useful. He became a Member of Parliament before he was of age; he served in Hungary, with a band of his Devonshire cousins, and in Ireland, his wife and children with him; he petitioned Elizabeth, asking her consent to the enterprise he planned in 1573-4 "for discovery of sundry rich and unknown lands, fatally (and as it seemeth by God's providence) reserved for England, and for the honour of your majesty." That was in vain. Drake was to reap where Grenville had sown.

(Continued on page 1230.)



## THE LARGEST INFLORESCENCE: STAGES IN THE GROWTH OF *AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM*.



IN 1933: THE FIRST (COMPOUND) LEAF DEVELOPED A FEW MONTHS AFTER THE PLANT'S ARRIVAL IN THE U.S.A.—NORMALLY THIS SINGLE, MUCH-DIVIDED LEAF DEVELOPS EVERY SECOND YEAR.



ON MAY 30, 1937: THE YOUNG INFLORESCENCE OF *Amorphophallus Titanum* IN THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN WAS GROWING STEADILY AT THE RATE OF SIX INCHES A DAY.



ON JUNE 1: THE SHEATH WHICH PROTECTED THE SPATHE AND SPIKE WAS BEGINNING TO SHRIVEL AND FALL AND THE PLANT HAD REACHED A HEIGHT OF SIX FEET.



ON JUNE 3: THE PLANT, DEVELOPING TISSUE WITH AMAZING RAPIDITY, WAS THEN SEVEN FEET IN HEIGHT AND THE SPATHE MEASURED FOUR FEET FOUR INCHES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.



ON JUNE 5: A REDDISH TINT WAS DISCERNED ON THE INSIDE OF THE FRILLED EDGE OF THE SPATHE AND THE YELLOW SPIKE BECAME DUSKY IN COLOUR —A FURTHER STAGE IN DEVELOPMENT.



ON JUNE 7: BY EVENING THE RICH MAROON OF THE INSIDE OF THE SPATHE (DESCRIBED AS LIVER-COLOURED) COULD BE PLAINLY SEEN AS THE PLANT BEGAN TO SHOW SIGNS OF OPENING.



ON JUNE 8: 8 A.M.: THE PLANT'S GROWTH WAS NOTICEABLY RETARDED BY COOL AIR AND CLOUDS—NOTE THE PALER COLOUR ON THE RUFFLED PART OF THE SPATHE.



AN INCISION NEAR THE BASE OF THE SPATHE MADE AS THE PLANT APPROACHED MATURITY, SHOWING THE IVORY-COLOURED MALE FLOWERS AND THE REDDISH FEMALE FLOWERS BELOW THEM.



ON JUNE 8—EVENING: THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF *Amorphophallus Titanum* TO BLOOM IN AMERICA PHOTOGRAPHED WHEN FULLY MATURE, ON REACHING A HEIGHT OF EIGHT FEET SIX INCHES.

In last week's issue we published photographs of a specimen of *Amorphophallus Titanum* blooming for the first time in the United States, at the New York Botanical Garden. In view of the interest taken in that event, we reproduce on this page photographs showing the successive stages of this plant's amazing rate of growth, which are clearly illustrated by the measuring rod seen in the pictures. This Giant Arum is not a single flower, but an inflorescence, or number of flowers, formed in a massive spike surrounded by a large spathe. In its natural environment the flower stalk is 18 in. to 2 ft.

long, and the spathe 3 ft. to 4 ft. long and 4 ft. to 5 ft. across; while the spike measures nearly 6 ft. long. The leaf-stalk attains a height of about 18 ft. As soon as the spike begins to push through its sheath, the inflorescence increases in height at the rate of several inches a day and, from the first showing through the sheath, is fully developed in about a fortnight. In colour the spike is pale green with touches of white, and the spathe is green outside and liver-coloured within. The mature flowers give off an offensive scent, which resembles the odour of decayed fish.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN.



## HEAD HUNTERS NEVER BEFORE VISITED BY EUROPEANS.

AMONG THE WILD NAGA TRIBES IN A HITHERTO UNEXPLORED REGION ON THE ASSAM-BURMA BORDER: ADVENTURES WITH A BRITISH EXPEDITION SENT TO SUPPRESS SLAVE-RAIDING AND HUMAN SACRIFICE.

BY BARON CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF, D.Ph. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED IN ALL COUNTRIES. NO REPRODUCTION OR QUOTATION OF ANY KIND IS PERMITTED WITHOUT THE AGREEMENT OF THE AUTHOR'S LONDON REPRESENTATIVE. (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE AND TWO SUCCEEDING PAGES.)

N.B. A further instalment of the Baron's photographs will be published in a later issue.

ONE of the few remaining unexplored areas of Southern Asia is the hill tract of the Assam-Burma frontier. Here, between the Naga Hills District of Assam and the Upper Chindwin District of Burma, lies a country of steep mountains reaching, in the peaks of the Patkoi Range, heights of over 13,000 ft., much of which is unsurveyed. The difficulties of penetrating this tangle of wooded peaks are due, however, not so much to the inaccessibility of its mountains and deep valleys clothed in dense jungle, as to the warlike and savage character of the Naga tribes who inhabit it. From time immemorial they have lived in these hills, cut off from the world by their mutual wars and preserving their own culture, one of the most ancient and primitive still to be found in Asia. They all speak Tibeto-Burman languages, which differ, however, so much from tribe to tribe and even from village to village, that people living only a few miles apart hardly understand a word of each other's dialect. Racially, the Mongolian element is predominant, but stronger even than the affinities they show with the peoples of Burma and Indo-China are those with the primitive hill tribes of the Philippine Islands, Celebes, and Borneo.

While the Naga tribes in the administered territory near the plains of Assam have been studied more intensively than any other primitive Indian people, the information on the tribes near the Burma frontier is extremely scanty and, for some of them, actually non-existent. Having recently done anthropological field-work among one of the tribes under British administration, I was delighted at the chances offered by the permission kindly granted me by the Government of Assam to join an expedition under Mr. J. P. Mills, Deputy Commissioner of the Naga Hills, to an area to the east which had never previously been visited by any European. Expeditions of this kind rarely take place. Ordinarily the independent Nagas are left to manage their own affairs undisturbed, the Deputy Commissioner merely arbitrating in quarrels when asked by the parties to do so. In a country where defence has so greatly outstripped attack that a village is rarely entered except by treachery, the petty raids lead to little loss of life and call for no action. But slavery is not tolerated, and it was because news had been received that it existed in a limited area on the Assam side of the Patkoi Range that this expedition was undertaken.

Word had come that two small villages at a distance of about six days' march from British territory had been treacherously and completely wiped out by a tribe living further to the east, usually referred to as Kalyo Kengyu, but really practically unknown. The raiders had taken 150 heads and carried off a number of slaves, whom they undoubtedly intended to sell to their neighbours in Burma. For in spite of all efforts of the Government of Burma, some of the hill tribes there still practise human sacrifice, and the victims are occasionally obtained from the Nagas on the Assam side of the Patkoi Range. To stop this trade and, if possible, to liberate the recently-captured slaves, was the official aim of our expedition, while I hoped to collect some first-hand material on these mysterious people who had so successfully escaped the curiosity of anthropologists.

As the chance of convincing the slave-holders by mere persuasion of the wickedness of raiding peaceful and offensive villages was very remote, a strong escort had to accompany us. Two and a half platoons of the Assam Rifles under the command of Major Williams gave to the expedition the necessary weight and security. To carry rations and kit, there accompanied us 360 Naga coolies, ready volunteers, who were only too glad of an exciting break in years of enforced peace. They also carried spears, shields, and *daos* for their own protection.

Early in November we left Mokochung, one of the administrative centres of the Naga Hills District, and a day later crossed the frontier of British India. During the next ten days we marched eastwards almost at right angles to the direction of the numerous mountain ranges which run parallel to the Patkoi Range. As Naga villages are usually built on the top of ridges or spurs, and as for many reasons it is more convenient to camp near a village, our daily routine consisted in dropping into a deep valley and climbing up several thousand feet on the other side. Our highest camp was some 7100 ft. above sea-level on the bare and windy top of Mount Helipong. Strangely enough, the houses of a small village cling to the rocks here. While we were shivering in our warm clothes, the villagers seemed to walk about quite comfortably in the icy wind with little more than a loin-cloth round their hips. But they looked poor and not too well fed. Their fields, on which very little but the hardy and resistant Job's tears can be grown, are on the lower slopes, and all the grain has to be carried up on their backs. Rice, the staple food of most other Naga tribes, is in this village a precious luxury, and anyone who grows a little patch is expected to share the dainty with his friends.

Though rendered more or less safe from raids by their splendid strategical position, the men of Helipong are too weak to attack anybody themselves. They are glad, therefore, if their more powerful friends on lower and more fertile ridges occasionally give them a share in their spoils of war. They had hung from a tall bamboo pole a human hand recently sent to them as a complimentary present

Thus we needed no great prophetic gifts to see that a clash with the famous warriors of Pangsha was almost inevitable. As our base-camp we chose a village not more than two days' march from the range on the slopes of which Pangsha was said to lie. This village, called Chingmei, belonged to another great tribe, the Chang, and its very efficient chief was only too glad to help us against Pangsha, whose people had terrorised the whole country for some time. We fortified our camp with a strong palisade of sharp-pointed stakes and bamboos, and settled down to the preliminary negotiations so necessary in a country where much can be done by talking, provided one has both the patience to do it in the proper Naga way and the obvious strength that adds persuasion to words.

Before we could tackle Pangsha, we had to deal with one of its allies, Yimpang, a village on a ridge in sight of our camp. The men of this village had joined in one of the recent raids, and still held a slave boy, while they sold two other captives to Pangsha men, who in this case merely acted as agents, meaning to re-sell the unfortunate children to their customers in Burma. With the help of the chief of Chingmei we succeeded in impressing on Yimpang the necessity of giving up their captive and even of buying back the slaves they had already sold. It was only after violent internal struggles that the village agreed to this surrender, and the house of the leader of the peace party mysteriously went up in flames shortly after the slaves had been brought to our camp. The latter, one young woman and two children, were in a pitiable state. I have never seen three more miserable creatures than these slaves, who, after the massacre of their families, had been dragged from one hostile village to the other, fully aware all the time of the terrible fate awaiting them. For the stories of human sacrifice are only too well known in this part of the hills, and, though they were not new to us, either, we heard of two variations never recorded before. Apart from the great Feasts of Merit, during which

a slave is beheaded, it is said that a victim is sometimes bound to a stake on a hillside where the dry, felled jungle is ready for firing. There he must watch the flames creeping up towards him, and roaring as the wind fans them. The spirit which leaves the poor, charred body is believed to fertilise the crops. Or, it is said, a slave may be trussed up and thrown alive into the hole which is to take the main post of a bachelor's hall. His fate is the happier, for the end must be quick when the huge, carved beam comes smashing down. No wonder, then, that the unfortunate slaves were almost out of their minds with fear, and being handed over to strangers of a curiously pale, "unripe" colour and bewildering habits at first terrified them all the more. But kindness worked miracles, and by the time we had restored them to their parents the children felt they knew Mr. Mills well enough to climb on his knee and pull his nose, and Major Williams had to be careful to keep his moustache—a novel toy in those parts—out of the danger zone.

The surrender of Yimpang had the further

consequence that Pangsha became uneasy and tried to buy us off by giving up three of their slaves, whom they sent us through Yimpang as intermediaries. But their repeated threats to exterminate us if we dared yet to approach their village and, after we had gone, to wipe out any village which had befriended us, deprived this sign of good will of much of its value. Moreover, we had definite information that they still held at least one other slave girl, and before she was set free peace was out of the question.

Leaving most of our coolies and loads in the base camp at Chingmei, we at last marched off towards Pangsha, our main objective. Fortunately, we had secured as a guide a Yimpang man who had some personal grievance against Pangsha; for no Chingmei man had ever risked his life by going there. On the way we had to pass another village, Noklak, whose attitude was doubtful. The path to Noklak from Chingmei runs along a steep hillside and had not been used for a long time, as the two villages were at war. With infinite trouble we had to cut our way through the jungle, and we soon had ample proof that we were no longer moving in friendly country, for the path was thickly set with *panjis*, spikes of bamboo as sharp as needles which Nagas stick into the ground for the benefit of the feet and legs of any enemies who may approach unwarily. They are almost invisible in the grass, and before long three of our men had fallen victims to them, one of them having his foot pierced clean through as easily as if it were a piece of cheese. He was a Chang scout, and while he was bandaged up his only comment was, "How silly of me to put my foot on it!" He then insisted on going on scouting!

[Continued on page 1232.]



RETRIBUTION FOR SLAVE-RAIDING AND TERRORISM OVER THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY: THE BURNING OF PANGSHA, A POWERFUL VILLAGE OF THE KALYO KENGYU NAGAS, DESTROYED BY A BRITISH PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

Photograph by Baron Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf, D.Ph. World Copyright of all photographs and written matter strictly reserved.

by the people of a friendly village who had killed an enemy in repulsing an attack. A few days later we saw in that village the head and the other hand of the victim, but, though such trophies are believed to increase in a magical way the fertility of crops, the joy of the people over this particular victory was hardly undiluted. For the raiders had been able to burn half the village, and miserable temporary bamboo huts now stand between the charred posts of the former houses. So harassed has this village been recently that, to prevent people from being ambushed and losing their heads when fetching water, a long aqueduct had been built which brings the water through bamboo tubes right into the village over its strong palisade. We were received as friends and protectors, and there was no difficulty in buying specimens for museums in Europe. But payment had to be made in salt or scarlet wool, for money is unknown and useless here.

At last we approached the scene of all the trouble, and it was only then that we could ascertain definitely what the situation actually was. Some months ago, Pangsha, a big Kalyo Kengyu village of which the exact position was still doubtful, had raided two small villages of a neighbouring tribe. Not content with burning them and killing most of the inhabitants, they had carried off several children and young people into slavery. News travels fast in the Naga Hills, and when the men of Pangsha were warned of our coming they sent us challenges to come and fight them, saying that they would not dream of giving up any of the slaves, and that we were a crowd of women, against whom they would not even bother to use spears and *daos*, their wives' wooden pestles being good enough to beat us off with.



# UNKNOWN HEAD-HUNTERS' "RADIO": LOG-DRUMS THAT BROADCAST NEWS.



USED FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANT EVENTS, SUCH AS THE TAKING OF A HEAD, COMMUNICATED TO THE INHABITANTS BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL RHYTHM: ONE OF THE HUGE XYLOPHONES, OR LOG-DRUMS, MADE OF HOLLOWED TREES, IN A KALYO KENGYU VILLAGE.



SUGGESTING A GIGANTIC "LOUD-SPEAKER," BIG ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO SIT INSIDE WITH COMFORT, AS HERE SHOWN: THE INTERIOR OF A KALYO KENGYU LOG-DRUM, OR XYLOPHONE, OPEN AT BOTH ENDS, BUT HAVING NO OPENING ALONG THE TOP.

In his article on the facing page Baron Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf describes his experiences with a British punitive expedition on the Assam-Burma border, sent to suppress slave-raiding (as a means of obtaining victims for human sacrifice) by a tribe of head-hunters, the Kalyo Kengyu, hitherto unknown to Europeans. Concerning the first Kalyo Kengyu village, called Noklak, at which they arrived, he says: "Its most outstanding features were the roofs covered with slates and

the enormous xylophones made of hollowed trees. Inside one of these log-drums, which have no opening along the top, but are open at both ends, a man can sit with comfort." The Baron also mentions, in a note on the above photographs, one of the uses to which these huge instruments are put. "Every important event," he writes, "such as the taking of a head; is announced by a special rhythm." Obviously, this is the Naga equivalent of broadcasting.

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## HEAD-HUNTING AS A STIMULUS TO CROPS: GRIM CUSTOMS IN UNEXPLORED COUNTRY.



A TYPE OF STRUCTURE IN BUILDING WHICH A SLAVE IS SOMETIMES BURIED ALIVE BENEATH THE MAIN POST: A BACHELOR'S HALL IN PANGSHA, BEFORE THE VILLAGE WAS BURNT.



HEAD-HUNTING TROPHIES BELIEVED TO IMPROVE CROPS: A LARGE COLLECTION OF SKULLS AND MODELS IN A NAGA BACHELOR'S HALL, SOME WITH BUFFALO HORNS ATTACHED AS FERTILITY SYMBOLS.



LINKS BETWEEN WAR AND AGRICULTURE: ENEMIES' HEADS, DECORATED WITH WOODEN HORNS AS CONDUCIVE TO FERTILITY, RAISED ALOFT ON HIGH BAMBOO POLES TO DISSIPATE THEIR SMELL.



THE ENTRANCE INTO A KALYO KENGYU VILLAGE FORTIFIED WITH POINTED BAMBOO SPIKES: A GANGWAY ON THE REMOVAL OF WHICH THE PRICKLY THICKET FORMS AN IMPENETRABLE BARRIER.

In descriptive notes on these photographs (left to right, from top) we read: "(1) A bachelor's hall in Pangsha, photographed shortly before the village was burnt [see illustration, page 1200]. The ordinary houses are built of bamboo and thatched with palm-leaves, but carved wooden posts support the high roof of the bachelor's hall. [Sometimes, as described on page 1200, the main post is thrust down on a captured slave thrown alive into the hole.]

(2) A collection of heads, in a bachelor's hall of the 'Chang' Nagas. To emphasise their favourable influence on crops, buffalo horns, as fertility symbols, are attached. Besides real skulls, wooden models represent those lost or burnt. (3) Enemies' heads on bamboo poles in the Kalyo Kengyu village of Panso, hoisted high to make the smell less troublesome. (4) When the ladder is removed, the prickly shrubs present an unsurmountable obstacle."

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# PICTURESQUE WARRIORS NEW TO WESTERN EYES: A NAGA WAR DANCE.



MUTUAL AID IN THE ADJUSTMENT OF A TIGHT NARROW BELT, WHICH CANNOT BE FIXED WITHOUT HELP FROM BEHIND: KALYO KENGYU NAGAS DRESSING FOR A WAR DANCE IN THEIR ELABORATE ATTIRE.

BESIDES his article on page 1200 describing fully the British expedition against Pangsha, a powerful Kalyo Kengyu village, whose men indulged in slave-raiding, Baron Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf supplies a condensed summary. Here, after mentioning the burning of Pangsha and the victory over its 600 warriors, he writes: "This defeat shattered their morale so much that they consented to make peace and produce the slaves, whom we restored to their relatives. In other Kalyo Kengyu villages, never before visited, we were well received as liberators from Pangsha's reign of terror over the whole country. One of the villages, Panso, even arranged a great dance in our honour. The photographs are of people never previously seen by any

[Continued below.]



A DANCE IN WHICH ONLY MEN WHO HAVE WON THE DISTINCTION OF A HEAD-HUNTER TAKE PART: THE LINE EXTENDING AS THE DANCERS, ALL HOLDING HANDS, BECOME MORE AND MORE EXCITED.



DANCERS IN FULL WAR PAINT AT A NAGA VILLAGE PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN: THE BEGINNING OF A WAR DANCE AT PANSO, IN HONOUR OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION THAT LIBERATED THE DISTRICT FROM TERRORISM—A LONG LINE OF WARRIORS BENDING THEIR KNEES IN PERFECT TIME TO THE RHYTHM OF A SONG.

European." The author's notes on these photographs read: "(Upper left) The toilet of a Naga is a most elaborate affair. No man can put on his tight, narrow belt unhelped. (Upper right) As the dancers get more worked-up the line spreads out, but the dancers always hold each other's hands. Only men who have won the distinction of a head-hunter can take part in this particular

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dance. The bear-skin leggings protect the legs against bamboo spikes stuck into the ground to impede the approach of enemies. (Lower photograph) The warriors of Panso start their dance in a long line, bending their knees in perfect time to the rhythm of a song." During a pause in the dance the dancers are given drinks by friends. They suck rice-beer through thin tubes from bamboo vessels.



# WITH FRANCO'S FORCES BEFORE BILBAO FELL: A STRICKEN VILLAGE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY CARLOS S. DE TEJADA.



THE HAVOC OF CIVIL WAR IN THE COUNTRYSIDE NEAR BILBAO: RUINED BUILDINGS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF OLAETA, A VILLAGE ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN DYNAMITED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS BEFORE THEY ABANDONED IT.

The Spanish Civil War has brought ruin and destruction to many a once-peaceful village. This drawing, made during the advance of General Franco's forces towards Bilbao, which they entered on June 19, shows a typical example of such havoc. It is entitled "Surroundings of the Village of Olaeta on the Vircaya Front."

An explanatory note supplied by the artist states that the houses of the village were blown up with dynamite by the retreating forces of the Spanish Government before they abandoned their positions. As details of the drawing indicate, the village stands on an eminence, and had been protected by wire entanglements.

# WITH FRANCO'S FORCES BEFORE BILBAO FELL: WAR IN A CEMETERY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY CARLOS S. DE TEJADA.

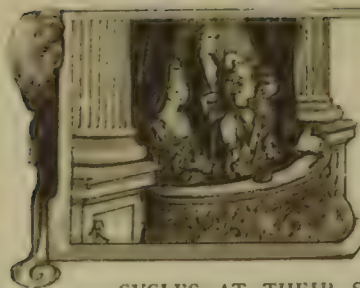


A SMALL VILLAGE CEMETERY ON THE BILBAO FRONT WHICH, DURING MANY MONTHS, WAS THE SCENE OF BITTER FIGHTING: GRIM EVIDENCE OF WAR DEVASTATION IN CONSECRATED GROUND.

In his brief note on this drawing, the artist states that it shows the burial-ground of a small village (not named) on the Bilbao front, which for long months had been the scene of terrible encounters. Grim testimony to the fact can be seen in the damage done, no doubt by artillery fire, to the walls and roofs of the buildings,

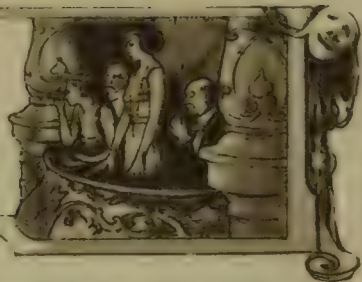
broken masonry and tiles scattered on the ground, and in the stretcher seen in the left foreground, bearing upon it either the body of a dead soldier or a man severely wounded. The skull in the right foreground, perhaps, may have been unearthed from one of the graves by the bursting of a shell.





# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



## CYCLES AT THEIR SOURCE.

HAMLET'S excellent advice to the players, particularly his "special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;" may not be inscribed in letters of gold on the walls of the film studios, nor would every director, scenario writer or actor escape the reproach of being "nature's journeymen" were they measured by the Prince of Denmark's standards. Yet the silver shield of the screen responds to his demands to the extent of catching in its shadow-play the reflection of the times, of current events, and the mood of the moment. An outstanding personality, an individual achievement, or the trend of public taste—in its turn influenced by national occurrences—colour the output of the studios to a very large extent and set the wheel of entertainment rolling in the track of a new cycle, which, having exhausted its velocity, requires a fresh incentive to propel it in another direction. That incentive may at times be merely the outcome of the film gods' arbitrary rulings. But by no means every picture that launches the inevitable cycle, is a random shot in the dark, aimed at the target of sensational innovation. More often is it possible to trace the cycle's source back to actuality, and in illustration I can marshal two queens—the one a great British sovereign, the other undisputed queen of the ice—to support the argument.

*Place à la Reine d'Angleterre.* One hundred years ago last Sunday, Victoria ascended the throne of England. In this year of grace, rendered memorable by the coronation of her great-grandson, the Lord Chamberlain has at long last lifted the ban on plays presenting the great Queen. Mr. Laurence

It comes at a time when the Victorian era is *en vogue*, undeniably reflecting the inclination of the public mind that has already manifested itself in many ways, ranging from books to *bibelots*, and has thus unconsciously persuaded the various forms of entertainment into a path that may develop into an avenue broad enough to accommodate any number of Victorian romances, as well as kinematic fiction based on historical fact. Having opened the royal gates to a period so rich in dramatic material and so momentous in achievement, it would be surprising if "Victoria the Great" were to remain the only harvest reaped from a fertile field.

Turning from a glowing page of the past to a vivid personality of the present, we find the blonde heroine of

Switzerland was created in Sun Valley, Idaho, which, so far as I (who have never come into closer contact with the arena of winter sports than the news-reels) am able to judge, gives a pretty good imitation of "the real thing." At any rate, ski-ers sweep joyously across sparkling slopes of virgin snow, in which Mr. Young, hot on the trail of Miss Colbert, becomes frequently engulfed; bobsleighs career thrillingly down frozen runs and ignominiously eject Miss Colbert at a dangerous curve; the rink wears a shining morning face when Miss Colbert neglects a breakfast rendezvous with the philandering Mr. Young to cut a few unambitious, but graceful, figures on the ice, encouraged by the outwardly placid and inwardly ardent Mr. Douglas. All that matters, in a somewhat tenuous but gaily decorated

story, is the much-delayed choice of the heroine between her trio of admirers, and any background would have sufficed for this lovers' comedy. The selection of the Alps is, I think, the direct outcome of Miss Henie's exhibition skating in Hollywood, and certainly the atmosphere of open-air activity stimulates the three-cornered duel of wits to the great advantage of the picture.

Something of Miss Henie's own life invades the simple tale that provides her with an excellent vehicle in "One in a Million." A charge of professionalism has robbed her father, a Swiss innkeeper, of his rightful honours in an Olympic contest, and he has set his heart on equipping his little daughter for the championship of which he himself has been deprived. The "discovery" of the girl by a far-sighted though impecunious impresario, characteristically portrayed by Mr. Adolphe Menjou, is a prelude to her triumphant performance in a spectacular ice-ballet in Madison Square Gardens. As an actress, Miss Henie reveals a delightful sense of humour, to



"VICTORIA THE GREAT": THE CORONATION OF THE YOUNG QUEEN RECONSTRUCTED WITH THE GREATEST CARE FOR THE FILM IN WHICH ANNA NEAGLE PLAYS THE TITLE-ROLE.

Now that the Lord Chamberlain has raised the ban on plays and films dealing with the Great Queen, Herbert Wilcox has produced a film, "Victoria the Great," in which Queen Victoria (Anna Neagle) appears at different stages of her life. The greatest care has been taken to ensure the accuracy of the historical scenes depicted. The film will probably be seen in London in September. Meantime, Laurence Housman's play, "Victoria Regina," which has been put on at the Lyric Theatre after its tremendous success in the United States, is the first public presentation here of the figure of the Queen.

many skating championships risen to the heights of the filmic firmament in her first picture, "One in a Million," presented at the Regal. Miss Sonja Henie has long been in the public eye, the darling of the ice enthusiasts and, by reason of a magnetic quality in herself, the cynosure of a multitude who follow the fortunes of Olympic competitions and sports champions from afar. Miss Henie probably owes her inimitable grace to her dual training as dancer as well as skater. She was born in Oslo in 1913, and began to study dancing in a ballet school at the tender age of four. She was an eight-year-old when she began to skate and, within the next five years, she had captured the first prize twice running in the Junior Competition of the Oslo Skating Club, a second, and eventually a first, in the world's championship matches in Stockholm. In 1928 she won the Olympic Championship, which she retained in 1932 and 1936. Whilst she was working hard for her success on the ice she did not neglect her dancing. At eighteen she came to London to study ballet dancing under the famous Karsavina, translating the terms of Terpsichore—even, we are told, the immortal dance of the Dying Swan—into her own medium of the rink. After her victory in 1936, Miss Henie went to America. Her first professional appearance at Madison Square Gardens was a triumph. She skated in Hollywood and created a furore. She could dictate her own terms for skating in or out of films at a staggering figure, and did. Nevertheless, Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck, Vice-President in charge of production at Twentieth Century-Fox, recognising her potentialities as a film star, signed her contract.

The immediate result of Miss Henie's arrival in Hollywood forestalled her own film debut. Mr. Fred Astaire and Miss Ginger Rogers took to roller-skates in "Shall We Dance?" and the charming Miss Claudette Colbert, supported and escorted by two of her three rival suitors, Mr. Melvyn Douglas and Mr. Robert Young, plunges gallantly into winter sports in "I Met Him in Paris" (at the Carlton), a light-hearted picture for whose setting a synthetic



"VICTORIA THE GREAT": ANNA NEAGLE AS THE YOUNG QUEEN IN HER ROBES, WHICH ARE CORRECT IN EVERY DETAIL, HAVING BEEN BASED ON THOSE SHOWN IN CONTEMPORARY PICTURES.

Housman's "Victoria Regina," written two years ago and already applauded at the Gate Theatre, where it was privately performed, in New York, where it has been running for two years, and more recently, in Paris, has reached the general public at the Lyric Theatre. A film on the subject of Queen Victoria, lifted from the charming and successful play by the Viennese playwright, Mr. Sil Vara, entitled "Die Mädchenjahre einer Königin," has travelled the Continent for some time past. Meanwhile, the studios of Denham have seen the crowning of Queen Victoria, in the person of Miss Anna Neagle, in all its pomp and circumstance, not forgetting its minor slips and mishaps so trenchantly recorded by the Queen's own pen in her description of "a pretty ceremony." The centenary of the Queen's accession has inspired a picture, "Victoria the Great," that is a record of her long reign, and promises to be one of the most interesting events of the film year.



"VICTORIA THE GREAT": ANNA NEAGLE AS THE AGEING AND WIDOWED QUEEN.

which an assurance derived from her frequent confrontation with vast audiences allows her to give full play. With her round face, her determined chin, and her twinkling eyes, she is the epitome of radiant *joie de vivre*. She has vitality and intelligence—qualities that will stand her in good stead in her histrionic career. On the ice she is the supreme artist, combining in her technique the more formal patterns of the classic ballet, with the freedom of modernity. In the impresario's prophetic "vision," a *corps de ballet* in swansdown forms a background that is, perhaps, more in harmony with her fluent evolutions than the black and white *ensemble* and the more staccato rhythms of the climax. But Miss Henie on skates remains an enchantress, weaving a spell from which there is no escape. Here is the poetry of motion indeed, and if her present picture is the forerunner of many more cast in the same mould, we shall not easily weary of this cycle.



## THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN PARIS.



OPENED BY THE LORD MAYOR: THE BRITISH PAVILION AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION—A VIEW FROM AN ADJACENT BRIDGE ACROSS THE SEINE, SHOWING PART OF THE EIFFEL TOWER (LEFT BACKGROUND).



LONDON CIVIC PAGEANTRY SEEN IN THE STREETS OF PARIS: THE LORD MAYOR'S SEMI-STATE COACH FOLLOWED BY THOSE OF THE SHERIFFS, WITH COACHMEN IN CITY LIVERY, ESCORTED BY FRENCH POLICE CYCLISTS.



SCOTTISH BAGPIPES IN PARIS: THE BAND AND PIPERS OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, WHERE THE LORD MAYOR (IN BACKGROUND) HAD PLACED A WREATH ON THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Broadbridge, with the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs, and other City dignitaries, recently visited Paris and, on June 19, opened the British Pavilion at the International Exhibition. The Pavilion, severely plain and modern in style, was designed by Mr. Oliver Hill, F.R.I.B.A., and stands on the left bank of the Seine, near the Eiffel Tower. In opening it, the Lord Mayor said: "The gathering of so many nations in this great Exhibition . . . enforces the truth that the real goal of the nations is not in conflict, but in mutual services." On the previous day the Lord Mayor, wearing his robes of office, visited the Arc de Triomphe and placed a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Our photograph shows him standing beside the grave, and behind are the City Sheriffs, the Mace-Bearer (right) and the Sword-Bearer (left). To the delight of the Parisian crowd, the band and pipers of the Gordon Highlanders paraded. The Lord Mayor drove through Paris in a semi-state coach drawn by four chestnuts, for a reception at the Hotel de Ville.

## DRAMATIC MOMENTS AT THE HORSE SHOW.

The 25th International Horse Show opened at Olympia on June 17, to continue for nine days with gala performances on the 21st and 24th, the chief event on the latter date being the jumping competition for the King George V. Gold Challenge Trophy. That for the Edward Prince of Wales Gold Challenge Cup, on the 21st, drew a record entry of seven teams, representing the United States, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, the Irish Free State, Rumania, and Turkey. The Cup was won by the Irish Free State. An interesting novelty this year was the appearance of fourteen boys from Canford School, Dorset, where great attention is given to riding. The boys had a great reception when they entered the arena. First they gave an "activity ride," in blue jerseys and jodhpurs, eventually discarding reins and stirrups, and taking the jumps with arms folded or upraised, or while removing their jackets. Then, reappearing in white flannels, they vaulted and stood upright while riding at speed, and performed other difficult movements. The display given by the Cossack riders was dramatic and spectacular.



ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL RIDERS AT OLYMPIA FOR THE FIRST TIME: A STRIKING DISPLAY GIVEN BY BOYS FROM CANFORD SCHOOL, SOME OF WHOM ARE HERE SEEN STANDING ON THEIR HEADS ON HORSEBACK.



BAD LUCK IN A JUMPING COMPETITION: A TURKISH OFFICER'S HORSE DISLODGES THE BAR AT THE LAST FENCE—AN INCIDENT AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.



DARING HORSEMANSHIP BY THE COSSACK RIDERS AT OLYMPIA: A SPECTACULAR "PYRAMID" FORMED BY A GROUP OF EIGHT MEN MOUNTED ON FIVE HORSES, WITH ANOTHER RIDER IN FRONT.



# THE FALL OF BILBAO: STREET SCENES IN THE MUCH-TRIED CITY AFTER THE ENTRY OF GENERAL FRANCO'S FORCES.



1. REJOICINGS AMONG THE POPULATION OF BILBAO AFTER THE ENTRY OF GENERAL FRANCO'S TROOPS INTO THE CITY: A GROUP OF CHEERING GIRLS PARADING THE MAIN STREETS AND CARRYING BEFORE THEM A NATIONALIST FLAG.

2. THE BUENOS AIRES BRIDGE OVER THE NERVION AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE RETREATING SPANISH GOVERNMENT TROOPS HAD RAISED ONE END OF IT AND BLOWN UP THE OTHER: A VIEW OF THE WRECKED HALF.

THE surrender of Bilbao, which (as noted on our front page) was occupied by General Franco's forces on June 19, brought profound relief to the inhabitants after their long ordeal, and the victors were received with every sign of rejoicing. Women and girls danced in the streets, and Nationalist flags were displayed on the Town Hall and other public buildings. Describing the sequence of events and the scenes in the city, a "Times" correspondent writing from Bilbao said: "General Franco's tanks returned from an exploratory sortie about 1 p.m. to report deserted streets and no enemy. Later in the afternoon, gaining courage from the absence of gunfire or aeroplanes, the population began to emerge into the streets, and a party of journalists who entered about 4 p.m. received an embarrassingly friendly welcome. They found all the bridges destroyed. They had been blown up simultaneously, residents said, about midnight, and the explosions had shattered every window along the embankment. . . . There were barricades in most streets in the New Town, which had been manned until 4 a.m. by the Asturians and Anarchists, whose intention was, if permitted, to fight the Nationalists from house to house. The Basques, however, thought otherwise, and took the opportunity offered them by the Generalissimo of peacefully surrendering a city which had been lost in battle in the open country. . . . To-day [June 20] the city presented a

(Continued opposite)



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3. WOMEN AND GIRLS DANCING IN BILBAO STREETS AFTER THE ENTRY OF GENERAL FRANCO'S TROOPS: TYPICAL PUBLIC JUBILATION. THEIR COLOURS, SOON AFTER THE CITY HAD BEEN SURRENDERED. 4. A COLUMN OF NATIONALIST TROOPS MARCHING INTO BILBAO, WITH 5. MOORISH TROOPS OF GENERAL FRANCO'S ARMY WAITING IN THE

ENTRANCE OF GENERAL FRANCO'S TROOPS: TYPICAL PUBLIC JUBILATION. THEIR COLOURS, SOON AFTER THE CITY HAD BEEN SURRENDERED. 4. A COLUMN OF NATIONALIST TROOPS MARCHING INTO BILBAO, WITH 5. MOORISH TROOPS OF GENERAL FRANCO'S ARMY WAITING IN THE

## FASCIST SALUTES FOR THE VICTORS; AND GENERAL REJOICINGS AMONG THE INHABITANTS AT THE END OF THEIR ORDEAL.



6. HOISTING THE NATIONALIST FLAG FROM THE BALCONY OF THE TOWN HALL AT BILBAO SHORTLY AFTER ITS SURRENDER: A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN CONNECTION WITH THE OCCUPATION OF THE CITY BY THE FORCES OF GENERAL FRANCO. 7. THE FASCIST SALUTE GIVEN AT THE TOWN HALL IN BILBAO TO THE VICTORIOUS NATIONALIST ARMY: A VIEW FROM THE BALCONY OF CROWDS IN THE STREETS WATCHING THE STEEL-HELMETED TROOPS MARCH IN.

(Continued.)  
dusty but lively appearance, and the population were beginning to settle down after the hysterical excitement of the previous day. Troops poured through in great numbers all day long, crossing the river by pontoon bridges placed alongside the modern drawbridges, which had been destroyed by the retreating troops, who had raised one side of each bridge and blown up the other half. . . . There is a generally friendly spirit between the troops and the civil population." In a later message (of June 22) it was stated that Nationalist troops were still pouring through Bilbao in pursuit of the retreating enemy, and that, although several thousand prisoners had been taken in recent fighting, the main body of the Basque army had escaped along the road to Santander, as the Nationalist left wing had not kept pace with the rapid progress of the right and centre. The new authorities in Bilbao were restoring normal conditions: the electricity and water supply were again in operation, and provisions were arriving for the people, who had suffered severely from shortage of food. A Nationalist communiqué received in London contradicted certain statements which had recently been made to the effect that, during the last stand at Bilbao, the city had been continually bombed and machine-gunned from the air, and declared that, for three days before its fall, no aircraft had flown over Bilbao.



"THAT SEA BEAUTY MAN HAS CEASED TO BUILD": IN THE "POMMERN," ONE OF "THOSE PROUD ONES SWAYING HOME."



CHANGING COURSE: WORK AT THE WINCHES AS THE SHIP IS SWUNG ROUND TO THE WIND.

Five Finnish sailing ships, all registered at the port of Mariehamn, took part in the annual race from Australia to England, with grain, which finished in June. The "Pommern" (2376 tons) and the "Passat" (3137 tons) were

joint-winners, completing the 6000-mile voyage in 94 days. "L'Avenir" (2754 tons) took 95 days; the "Viking" (2670 tons), 103 days; the "Lawhill" (2816 tons), 106 days. The weather was very fine. The "Pommern" and



DURING THE VOYAGE FROM FALMOUTH TO THE THAMES: FURLING SAILS IN THE "POMMERN."

"L'Avenir" left Port Victoria on the same day and kept company for nine days, in which connection it should be remembered that the competing vessels start at different times, the honour falling to the ship that makes

the quickest passage. This year, for example, the "Passat" reached Falmouth a fortnight before the "Pommern." In "L'Avenir" were three English women learning navigation. In the "Lawhill" were two stowaways!



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: WORLD NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY CAMERA.



WATCHED BY A SILENT CROWD AS THE COFFINS WERE BROUGHT ASHORE: THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP "DEUTSCHLAND" LANDING HER DEAD AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

On June 16 the German battleship "Deutschland" arrived at Wilhelmshaven and the bodies of the 31 sailors who lost their lives as a result of the bomb attack from the air at Iviza on May 29 were brought ashore. The following day they were accorded a State funeral at the naval cemetery. Herr Hitler was present at this. The Army was represented by Field-Marshal von Blomberg, and Admiral Raeder, in paying tribute to the dead, gave a full and interesting account of the attack.



REPORTED TO HAVE HAD TORPEDOES FIRED AT HER ON FOUR OCCASIONS BY AN UNSEEN SUBMARINE: THE GERMAN CRUISER "LEIPZIG."

On June 19 the German Press stated that the cruiser "Leipzig" had been the object of a torpedo attack from an unseen submarine. On June 15, it was said, the course of three torpedoes was followed by listening apparatus at different times and on June 18 the track of a torpedo was clearly seen. The "Leipzig" turned towards the spot where it appeared to have been fired and received a blow on the side, presumed to be caused by striking a submarine's superstructure.



SUCCESSFUL RELIEF MEASURES BY THE NEW PUNJAB GOVERNMENT ACKNOWLEDGED: INDIAN FARMERS EXPRESSING GRATITUDE FOR THEIR AID.

The new Punjab Government scored a success at the very beginning of its career by the handling of an agricultural disaster which threatened ruin to more than 100,000 farmers. Relief measures were initiated and the farming community, not notorious for the returning of thanks, gave an address to the Commissioner of the Multan Division.



THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE AS SEEN FROM ONE OF THE MOST ELEVATED TOWNS IN THE WORLD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CERRO DE PASCO, PERU.

The total eclipse of the sun on June 8 was viewed at several points by different expeditions. The American expedition at Canton Island, in the South Pacific, reported that, when the sun was covered, a magnificent corona appeared and tongues of red flame could be seen with the naked eye. Our photograph was taken by the Hayden Planetarium-Grace Eclipse Expedition at Cerro de Pasco, in Peru, which is 14,200 ft. above sea-level.



INTERESTED IN A TRANSMITTER-RECEIVER FOR WIRELESS TELEPHONY: THE PRINCESS ROYAL INSPECTING "SIGNALS."

The Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Corps of Signals, inspected units of the Corps at Aldershot on June 21. Her car was escorted on to the parade ground by dispatch riders and she was received with the Royal Salute. Later her Royal Highness saw demonstrations of field work and was particularly interested in a new one-man transmitter-receiver for telephony weighing only 25 lb. (shown above).



BEDOUIN ARABS WELCOME THE EMIR ABDULLAH ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CORONATION: ENTERING THE DECORATED STREETS OF AMMAN TO PAY HOMAGE.

The streets of Amman were gaily decorated with flags, carpets, and banners with inscriptions in Arabic, and thronged with crowds from all parts of Transjordan, in order to welcome the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan on his return from England, which he had visited for the Coronation. A guard of honour for the Emir was provided by the Arab Legion, and Bedouin Arabs came into the town to pay homage.



THE BIRTH OF AN HEIR TO THE BULGARIAN THRONE: KING BORIS, WITH HIS DAUGHTER, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF HIS PEOPLE.

The birth of a Crown Prince to King Boris and Queen Joanna, a daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, was the occasion of great national rejoicing, as no woman may reign in Bulgaria and thus their daughter was excluded from the Throne. The young Prince has been named Simeon. The King attended St. Alexander Nevsky's Cathedral for the thanksgiving service and later received gifts of bread, flowers, lambs, goats and, even, horses from peasants who flocked into the capital.



# THE FIRST GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.



BEFORE THE SHAMIANA AT THE "EMPIRE FAMILY PARTY": THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN RECEIVING OVERSEAS GUESTS IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON TUESDAY, JUNE 22.



AMONG THE TEN THOUSAND: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET AND H.M. QUEEN MARY, PASSING LINES OF GUESTS.

The Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace have long been among the most delightful of the functions at which the Sovereign, with his Consort, entertains his subjects. The beautiful setting of the Palace grounds and the informal way in which the royal host and hostess move about among their guests, give these gatherings a special atmosphere much appreciated by those who have the honour to be invited. This week King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth held the first Garden Party of their reign. Some ten thousand were asked to it, including

many Coronation visitors from all parts of the world; so the affair had the character of an "Empire Family Party." Guests began to arrive at 3.15 and at about 4 o'clock their Majesties appeared, accompanied by their daughters, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret. They walked among the guests, stopping to speak to specially honoured persons, and for presentations to be made; while Queen Mary, the Royal Dukes and their wives, and other members of the Royal Family were also to be seen moving about on the crowded lawns.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE HON. T. S. FERMOR-HESKETH.**  
Heir to Lord Hesketh. Killed, with his passenger, when his aeroplane crashed at Cires-les-Mello, 18 miles from Beauvais, France, on June 21. Aged twenty-six. Member of the Household Brigade Flying Club and Adjutant of the 2nd Bn. Scots Guards.



**BISHOP WELLDON.**  
Died June 17; aged eighty-three. Master of Dulwich College, 1883; Headmaster of Harrow, 1885-98; Bishop of Calcutta, 1898-1902; Dean of Manchester, 1906-18; and Dean of Durham, 1918-33. Member of Royal Commission on a Teaching University for London, and Select Preacher at Oxford and Cambridge.



**COLONEL HENRY GUEST.**  
Elected Conservative Member at the by-election on June 15 in the Drake Division of Plymouth, caused by the death of his brother, Capt. F. E. Guest. Had a majority of 4734 over his Socialist opponent, Mr. G. T. Garratt. Was Liberal M.P. for East Dorset in 1910, for Pembroke, 1910-1918, and Nat. Liberal for North Bristol in 1922 and 1923. Parliamentary Sec. to the Rt. Hon. Charles Hobhouse, M.P., late Postmaster-General.



**MR. P. G. FAIRFIELD.**  
Well-known British racing motorist. Died on June 21 from injuries received in the Le Mans race on June 19; aged twenty-five. In 1935 won the Isle of Man Mannin Beg race, and this year the South African Grand Prix, the Rand Grand Prix, Nuffield Trophy race at Donington, and first motor race at the Crystal Palace.



**PROFESSOR J. H. HUTTON.**  
Elected to be Frazer Lecturer at Oxford in 1938. Professor of Social Anthropology in the University of Cambridge. Member of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and gained the Rivers Memorial Medal in 1929. Fellow of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.



**CELEBRATING THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING AT HATFIELD: LORD AND LADY SALISBURY WITH THEIR GIFTS.**  
Although the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury fell on May 17, the celebrations did not take place until June 19, when they entertained tenants at their country seat, Hatfield House, Hertfordshire. Lady Salisbury was Lady Cicely Gore, daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran. She was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra.



**ASKED TO FORM A MINISTRY ON THE RESIGNATION OF M. BLUM: M. CHAUMETS LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE.**  
On June 21 M. Chaumets, the Radical Minister of State and a Member of the Senate, was asked by M. Lebrun, the French President, to form a Ministry, on the resignation of M. Blum at 2.30 that morning. It was at first thought that he had declined the President's offer, but later he returned to the Élysée to give a provisional acceptance.



**LEAVING AFTER HANDING TO THE PRESIDENT HIS RESIGNATION AS PREMIER: M. BLUM AT THE ÉLYSÉE.**  
M. Blum handed his resignation as Premier to the President at 2.30 on the morning of June 21. This step was expected as a sequel to the rejection by the Senate, by 168 to 96 votes, of a compromise on the Government's Bill for special powers in dealing with finance. The public received the fall of M. Blum's Ministry with complete calm.



**EDITOR OF THE "LANCET" FOR THIRTY YEARS: SIR SQUIRE SPRIGGE.**  
A notable medical journalist. Died June 17; aged seventy-six. Graduated in medicine in 1887. Wrote short stories and medical reviews. Became Sec. to the Society of Authors; Chairman, 1910-1913. In 1907 appointed joint-Editor of the "Lancet." Sole Editor in 1909. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, 1927, and, in 1928, Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.



**ACROSS THE TOP OF THE WORLD FROM MOSCOW TO AMERICA: THE SOVIET AIRMEN, MM. CHKALOFF, BAIDUKOFF, AND BYELYAKOFF, WHO MADE THE TRANS-POLAR FLIGHT.**  
On June 20 the Soviet monoplane "Ant 25," which has a single 960-h.p. engine, landed on the banks of the Columbia River, at Vancouver, Washington State. The three airmen, MM. Chkaloff, Baidukoff, and Byelyakoff, were attempting to fly non-stop from Moscow to San Francisco by the Trans-Polar route, a distance of some 5900 miles, and were only 700 miles from their destination, when poor visibility forced them to land. They had been in the air 63 hours 17 minutes and are reported to have passed over the North Pole at a height of 14,000 ft.



**EX-FRENCH PRESIDENT AND TWICE PREMIER: M. GASTON DOUMERGUE.**  
The first Protestant Premier; and an "elder statesman" of France. Died June 18; aged seventy-three. Became Minister of the Colonies in 1902 and occupied successive posts during the following eight years. Entered the Senate in 1910. Became Premier in 1913. Elected President in 1924. Retired in 1931. In 1934 became Premier again when riots threatened ordered government.



## A "VENUS" TURNED-UP BY A PLOUGH.



A BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ANCIENT GREEK OR ROMAN SCULPTURE UNEARTHED BY A FRENCH FARMER WHILE PLOUGHING: THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED "VENUS" OF BRIZET, NEAR ST. ETIENNE.



A STATUE WHICH PERHAPS ADORNED A ROMAN VILLA, AND HAD LAIN IN THE SOIL UNSUSPECTED FOR ABOUT NINETEEN CENTURIES: THE "VENUS" OF BRIZET—A BACK VIEW.

Announcing recently the remarkable discovery illustrated above, a French writer, M. Noël Thiollier, says: "On April 28, M. Jean Gonon, a farmer of Estrat, in the commune of St. Just-sur-Loire, near St. Etienne, dug up on his land at Brizet this white marble statue dating from the fine period of Greek sculpture. Each year for twelve years, while ploughing at a certain spot, his plough grazed against some underground obstacle. This year he decided to investigate the obstruction. He unearthed the statue with difficulty, as it weighed 84 kilos, took it home, and, aided by an archaeologist, M. Renaud, removed the soil and mud which covered it. The statue measures about 2 ft. 10 in. high. Its beauty suggests that it is a masterpiece of Greek art, either an original or a copy of a Venus inspired by the school of Pheidias. How could such a work have found its way into that ploughed field? Possibly it adorned a rich Roman's villa. This is mere supposition, but may be confirmed by excavations."

## A SULTAN'S CORONATION GIFT TO THE KING.

We illustrate below one of the most interesting and uncommon gifts which his Majesty received on the occasion of his Coronation. From the authorities of the British Museum, to whom we are indebted for the illustrations, we have received the following description: "The head is of bronze, about life size. It was found in Southern Arabia and given to H.M. King George VI. by the Sultan of the Yemen, and deposited by his Majesty in the British Museum. We have no further details. Nothing like the head seems to have come to light previously, but it is plainly based on late Greek models. The fringe of hair is found on Arabian coins of the second century B.C., but the actual date of the head is a matter of argument." Another account, which describes the work as classical in general style but showing strong Oriental influence, suggests that the head may perhaps represent a deity, or else a young man. It is stated further that the metal of which the head is made is not a normal bronze, but an alloy which in appearance is nearer to brass.

*Photographs by Courtesy of the British Museum.*



PRESENTED TO THE KING, AS A CORONATION GIFT, BY THE SULTAN OF THE YEMEN, AND DEPOSITED BY HIS MAJESTY ON LOAN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: AN INTERESTING BRONZE HEAD FROM SOUTHERN ARABIA—HERE SHOWN IN PROFILE.



DISCOVERED IN SOUTHERN ARABIA, AND SHOWING A FORM OF HAIRDRESSING REPRESENTED ON ARABIAN COINS OF THE SECOND CENTURY B.C.: THE BRONZE HEAD GIVEN BY THE SULTAN OF THE YEMEN TO THE KING—A FRONT VIEW.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**PHYSICAL** fitness seems to have become a national slogan. Not only is it receiving legislative attention, but several recent events of the London season have exemplified the ideal to be attained. I need only recall the physical training episode (illustrated in our issue of June 12) at the Aldershot Tattoo, a similar item in the Royal Tournament, and the display at Wembley by 6000 members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty.

Evidently, therefore, the time is ripe for me to mention a book of high value in this connection, "BASIC PHYSICAL TRAINING." By Margaret Morris, C.S.S.M.M.G. Fifty-five Exercises in Diagrams and in Words. Introduction by the Marquess of Cholmondeley (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). The basic exercises here described are selected from over 300 forming the total technique of the Margaret Morris Movement, and apply equally to boys and girls and to men and women. For later training, the author points out, the two sexes require differential treatment. Her book is intended for (1) People who have had a few lessons and wish to practise the exercises; (2) Teachers and gymnasts, desirous of teaching the essential exercises correctly; (3) M.M.M. students in training. Lord Cholmondeley, writing from personal experience of this Basic Physical Training, which he has practised with great benefit to himself, urges that here we have a British method that might well be adopted as "a standard system of physical training throughout the country."

Further tributes to its value are paid in prefatory notes by Mary Wolseley-Lewis, late Headmistress of North Foreland School for Girls, and R. St. G. T. Harper, a member of the British athletic team in the Olympic Games of 1932. Mr. Harper, speaking both as athlete and schoolmaster, hopes that statesmen will consider this all-British system, in competition with foreign rivals. "As the result [he adds] of using the Margaret Morris exercises with boys of seven to fourteen in my school, I recommend them with the greatest confidence and enthusiasm. . . . The co-ordination of mental and physical effort has, in some cases, produced spectacular improvement in a boy's work as well as in his physique. . . . What I have said about Preparatory Schools would apply equally well to Public Schools; in fact, the exercises can be adapted for those of either sex and any age." Quite like our old friends of the Latin Grammar — "artifex" and "opifex"!

Miss Morris herself prefaces the technical instruction that forms the bulk of the book with a brief personal note on the origin and growth of her movement. "It started [she writes] entirely from the æsthetic side, as I was a dancer and an artist. I rebelled against the artificial technique of the Italian Ballet School, and began to evolve a technique that would . . . allow a true freedom of expression." While training numbers of people, she realised its remedial possibilities, and the necessity of combining æsthetics with hygiene. Accordingly, in 1930, she qualified in Swedish massage and medical gymnastics at St. Thomas's Hospital. Her system of training is the outcome of sound experience and has a history of 25 years.

It is sometimes argued, against eugenicists proposing to eliminate the "unfit," that nature often compensates for physical disability by increased mental power, and that therefore we should let nature take its course, for fear of eliminating potential genius. The old Roman principle, *mens sana in corpore sano*, does not invariably prevail, and a good brain often goes with a frail body. I do not know what the statistics may be, but I should think that the converse is less usual—a sound body with an unsound brain. An example of this latter combination is afforded by the mental breakdown of a celebrated dancer, apparently the acme of physical perfection and training, whose career is traced, by an old friend, in "THE TRAGEDY OF NIJINSKY." By Anatole Bourman, Member of the Imperial Russian Ballet School; Imperial Opera House,

Petrograd; Diaghilev's Ballet Russe; Ballet Master, Drury Lane. In collaboration with D. Lyman. With twelve Portraits (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.).

This is a book full of dramatic incident and charged with emotion, dealing with a theatrical *milieu* in which there were frequent clashes of temperament among people of highly-strung nerves and ebullient personality. As to the relation between the two collaborators, Mr. Bourman apparently provided the biographical material, and Mr. Lyman edited it. At any rate, the latter appears to assume responsibility when he explains: "The first person, used by Mr. Bourman in his original Russian manuscript, has been retained, as it seemed to me best adapted to . . . his narrative, which he translated verbally to me so that it might be interpreted, related, and inserted into this book. . . . Apparently no other contemporary [of Nijinsky] survives to relate at first hand the entire scope of his school background, its ignorant cruelties, its prejudices, elegance, and humour—elements which must have created deep and indelible impressions on the subtle mind-stuff of the sensitive boy. No other friend now alive had the privilege of watching Nijinsky develop and change while sharing nearly twenty out of the twenty-nine years he lived before madness dropped the final curtain on his public career." Replying to

live. . . . Yet he is not dead—it is only the shining soul of him that has fled, leaving a tragic shell."

Another instance of mental derangement overtaking an artist, though less seriously and at a later age, is found in a very interesting and beautifully illustrated memoir entitled, "INTRODUCING LESLIE HUNTER." By T. J. Honeyman. With sixteen Coloured Reproductions of his Work and twenty-seven in Monochrome (Faber; 12s. 6d.). Hunter, who was born in 1879 and died in 1931, was a self-taught Scottish painter who developed a strongly individual style, especially as a brilliant colourist. Later, he took to portraiture with considerable success, as shown in particular by a painting of his mother. In his lifetime, it is urged, he received far less than his due from critics and public, but his posthumous reputation is growing. It was an incident pointing in that direction which decided Dr. Honeyman to proceed with his memoir. One day, Mr. Clive Bell, the distinguished art critic, visited an exhibition of contemporary British painting at the Lefevre Gallery. "When he had completed his tour of inspection," Dr. Honeyman writes, "he pointed to a flower picture in a corner of the front room and said—'That is the finest picture in this exhibition and I do not know who painted it.' From that moment the preparation of this book became inevitable, for the painting was 'Marigolds' and the artist was Leslie Hunter. Consequently Mr. Clive Bell is really responsible for this volume." It is a pity "Marigolds" was not chosen for colour reproduction, as in monochrome such work loses much of its effect.

Leslie Hunter was a native of Rothesay, on the isle of Bute, a name that recalls to me a dream tour in that region a few summers back. I think if I had been born there I should have tried to paint Arran as it appears from the sea a mile or two off shore. One of Hunter's notebooks contains long quotations from articles about Van Gogh, Cézanne, and Gauguin (an indication of his predilections) with careful notes of the colours each arranged on his palette. In the same notebook, we learn, "the palettes (outdoor and indoor) of William MacTaggart, the great Scots impressionist, are sketched completely, as is also that of Whistler." This reminds me of a delightful "private view" I was privileged to enjoy when shown the MacTaggart collection of an eminent art connoisseur in Edinburgh; also of a visit to the National Gallery of Scotland in that city. My companion on that occasion,

who knows much more about art than I do, remarked that several Scottish painters have not been properly appreciated in England. Hunter had more to do with Glasgow than Edinburgh, but, before settling down there, he had wandered far. When he was a boy his parents emigrated to California, and after his father's death he lived a Bohemian life in San Francisco, where he lost everything he possessed in the great earthquake of 1906. Luckily for himself, he was away at the time. In later years we find him flitting from Glasgow to London, Paris and Florence, while in 1929 he visited New York. It is to be hoped that Scottish art, especially the Glasgow school, will be well represented at the coming Glasgow Exhibition. A MacTaggart show, I hear, is now open in Manchester.

In Leslie Hunter's case, I should say, the slight mental aberrations which eventually developed may have been due in part to his early hardships, and his erratic habits regarding meals. Discussing this phase of Hunter's life, Dr. Honeyman writes: "There is an interesting piece of research waiting to be done. I think R. H. Wilenski could do it. He might start from the initial hypothesis that men of genius are afflicted by some physical pathological condition either organic or functional. . . . It would be a piece of important contemporary criticism, and could be related to the more recent developments in art, for example, surrealism. . . . physical unfitness may liberate the forces which mark the genius, or, in other words,

(Continued on page 1234.)



SOPHOCLEAN TRAGEDY IN A FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL'S GREEK THEATRE: "ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS," AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE—ŒDIPUS (CENTRE OF STAGE) HEARS FROM THE CORINTHIAN SHEPHERD (FACING HIM BELOW) THE SECRET OF HIS BIRTH, AND THE FACT THAT HIS WIFE JOCASTA (ON THE RIGHT) IS HIS OWN MOTHER.

Bradfield College, near Reading, Berkshire, has the distinction among public schools of possessing an open-air Greek Theatre of its own, where performances of Greek tragedy are given periodically by the boys. On the recent occasion, here illustrated, the play chosen was the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles (c. 495-405 B.C.), given in Greek with a reformed pronunciation. Sophocles first came to the front as a tragedian in 468 B.C., when, at the age of twenty-seven, he gained the first prize at a festival in Athens over the veteran poet Æschylus. In his later years Sophocles twice held high military and naval commands, and played an important part in Athenian public life.

criticisms made since the American edition appeared, suggesting that Nijinsky's psychology might have been more fully discussed, Mr. Lyman mentions that omissions have been made out of deference to his family.

Mr. Bourman's record of his friend breathes a spirit of devoted loyalty and affection, and at the same time pictures with dramatic intensity the vicissitudes and triumphs of his hectic life on and off the stage. In boyhood Nijinsky, being a Pole, suffered much at school owing to Russian prejudice against his country, and one cannot but feel that a severe injury to his head, from a fall due to a jealous schoolfellow's malice, may possibly have had something to do with his subsequent mental trouble. Another contributory cause is ascribed to his wartime experiences in Vienna, "where [we read] he was a veritable prisoner of war." It was the sight of the maimed and wounded young men that so deeply affected him. "With that sensitive soul of his," writes Mr. Bourman, "he suffered unspeakable agonies over the hideous waste and cruelties of war, until morbidity obscured his thoughts and his reason wavered." Bodily perfection and incessant training could not preserve his mental stability. Thus it will be seen that physical fitness alone is not enough. After the dark shadow of insanity had clouded his friend's mind, Mr. Bourman expresses movingly what the fate of Nijinsky has meant to those who loved him. "I am realising [he says] what the world has lost—the greatest dancer who ever lived, perhaps the greatest who ever will



## FROM HOUSES IN KENT: OLD MASTERS EXHIBITED IN AID OF HOSPITALS.

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"JOHN WARDE, ESQUIRE, WITH HIS FAMILY, OUT RIDING IN THE PARK AT SQUERRYES COURT."—BY JOHN WOOTTON (ACTIVE, 1764).  
Signed, and dated 1735. Oil on Canvas, 70½ by 98½ Inches. Lent by Capt. J. R. O'B. Warde.



"THE HON. WILLIAM GEORGE . . . POLE-JUMPING THE 6-FT. IRON GATES OF RICHMOND CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE."—ASCIBED TO A. W. DEVIS (1763-1822).  
Painted in 1794. Oil on Canvas, 43 by 61 Inches. Lent by Lord Harris.



"CHRISTOPHER HALES."—ENGLISH SCHOOL (1600-1605).  
Oil on Canvas, 32½ by 24 Inches. Lent by Mrs. Hammond.



"W. SEWARD, ESQ."—BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (c. 1735-1810).  
Oil on Canvas, 30 by 25 Inches. Lent by Mrs. Kenrick.



"THE HON. HARRIET MARSHAM."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788).  
Canvas, 30 by 25 Inches. Lent by H. S. Marsham-Townshend, Esq.



"YARMOUTH HARBOUR."—BY JOHN CROME (1768-1821)—  
INFLUENCED BY CUYP.  
Canvas, 15½ by 25½ Inches. Lent by S. Arthur Peto, Esq.



"A DUTCH FAMILY WITH THEIR PETS BY THE SEASHORE."—  
BY J. G. CUYP (1594-1651-2).  
Canvas, 55½ by 59½ Inches. Lent by Major George Wheler, M.C.

The exceptionally interesting Exhibition of Old Masters from Houses in Kent, now being held at Tower House, Canterbury, and to continue until July 8, is in aid of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital and the West Kent General Hospital, Maidstone. With reference to certain of the outstanding pictures, here reproduced, the following notes supplement the descriptions given above.—"John Warde, Esquire, with his Family" has not been exhibited before.—The full description of the picture of the Hon William George is: "The Hon. William George, later 2nd Lord Harris, aged 12, pole-jumping the 6-ft. iron gates of Richmond Churchyard, Yorkshire, with his younger brother and three sisters looking on."—The "Christopher Hales," with a falcon on his wrist, is inscribed by a later hand:

"Sir Christophr Hales; but clearly not the master of the Rolls to Henry VIII." It is exhibited for the first time.—The "W. Seward" is dated, by the costume, 1775. It has not been exhibited before.—"The Hon. Harriet Marsham" is datable, by the style and costume, c. 1780-86. It has not been exhibited before.—The Crome "Yarmouth Harbour" may have been exhibited by the Norwich Society in 1812. The present owner acquired it some time after the Darell Brown Sale in May 1924.—Cuyp's "Dutch Family" is described as: "A late and quite unusual work, presumably painted to commemorate some act of naval prowess, which the incidents in the background illustrate. It was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1930-31."



# THE CENTENARY OF VICTORIA'S ACCESSION: A "VICTORIAN LIFE" SHOW.

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SIXTEEN YEARS BEFORE THE MAN WITH A RED FLAG IN FRONT OF CARS WAS ABOLISHED: "THE BRIGHTON COACH LEAVING HATCHETT'S HOTEL (WHITE HORSE CELLAR), PICCADILLY."—BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST (circa 1860).



PAINTED WHEN THE NAVY WAS IN ITS TRANSITIONAL STAGE, FROM "WOODEN WALL" TO "IRONCLAD," AND THE ARMY WAS "THE THIN RED LINE": "ENTRE LES DEUX MON CŒUR BALANCE."—BY J. J. TISSOT (1836-1902).



WHEN A WOMAN'S HAIR WAS INDEED HER "CROWNING GLORY": "THE ARTIST'S WIFE AND CHILDREN."—BY ARTHUR BOYD HOUGHTON (1836-1875).



THE LONDONER'S PLAYGROUND—VISITORS AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: "A HOLIDAY, 1862."—BY J. W. COLE. [Exhibited: 1849-1882. Lent by Sir Alec Martin.]



PREPARING FOR HER WEDDING—TIGHTLY LACED AND DEVOTING MUCH ATTENTION TO HER HAIR: "THE BRIDE."—BY A. J. WOOLMER (1865-1891).



A VICTORIAN BEACH SCENE WHEN SEA-BATHING WAS GOOD FOR THE HEALTH, BUT SUN-BATHING WAS UNTHOUGHT OF: WITH DONKEY-RIDES AS A LINK BETWEEN THEN AND NOW: "AT THE SEASIDE."—BY ARTHUR BOYD HOUGHTON.



COAT-RIDES FOR THE CHILDREN IN THE RECENTLY LAID-OUT BATTERSEA PARK—THAMES-SIDE CHARACTERS OF THE 'FIFTIES IN A RURAL SETTING: "CADOGAN PIER, CHICHESTER, 1858."—BY GEORGE WASHINGTON HOWLOW. [Exhibited: 1858-1875.]

The exhibition "Victorian Life, 1837-1901," which opened at the Leicester Galleries on June 24, celebrates the centenary of Queen Victoria's accession. It is not primarily a survey of the art of the period, but a record of costume, manners, and customs of the English people during the reign of the great Queen, painted by artists of the time. In it are over a hundred works by such famous men as Winterhalter, Tissot, Frith, Millais, Ford Madox Brown, and Orchardson. There are several pictures illustrating royal events, the most important of them, "The

# "VICTORIAN LIFE" ON EXHIBITION: RAILWAY TRAVEL AND "COMMERCE."

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VICTORIAN EXCURSIONISTS—EXPOSED TO THE ELEMENTS IN OPEN-SIDED TRUCKS: "TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR THREE-AND-SIX."—BY CHARLES ROSSITER (1827-1871). Lent by the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.



"TRAVELLING IN 1860."—BY THOMAS MUGRAVE JOY (1812-1866): A GROUP OF TYPICAL MIDDLE-CLASS PASSENGERS OF THE MID-VICTORIAN PERIOD. Lent by C. F. Dundy Marshall, Esq.



PADDINGTON STATION AS IT APPEARED TO THE VICTORIANS: A PLACE OF ROMANCE AND DRAMA: "THE RAILWAY STATION (1861-63)."—BY WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A. (1819-1909). [Lent by C. F. Dundy Marshall, Esq.]



A PICTURE OF VICTORIAN COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY IN WHICH AVARICE AND SOCIAL INTER-COURSE ARE PORTRAYED: "DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND (1859)."—BY GEORGE ELGAR HICKS. [Exhibited: 1847-1891.]



MAINLY OCCUPIED BY VENDORS OF CHILDREN'S TOYS: "THE LOWTHER ARCADE (circa 1865)."—BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. THE ENTRANCE WAS IN THE STRAND, ON THE SITE NOW USED BY COUTTS' BANK.

The "Victorian Life" exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, celebrating the centenary of the great Queen's accession, contains many pictures illustrating that Victorian novelty, travelling by train. Charles Rossiter's amusing picture "To Brighton and Back for Three-and-Six," showing the third-class passengers in an open truck, also reveals the manners of the period, for it is doubtful whether a woman with a child would be permitted to stand on such a lengthy journey nowadays! The middle-class passengers of 1860 were conveyed in comfort little inferior to that we enjoy; while Frith's "The Railway Station" indicates that this form of travel still meant romance

and drama to the Victorian mind. This particular picture created as great a sensation as his "Derby Day," now in the National Gallery. It is improbable that a similar painting to-day would include an arrest and such emotional scenes of farewell! Hicks' picture of Victorians personally drawing their dividends at the Bank of England is an amusing scene of avarice accompanied, apparently, by social pleasures. The Lowther Arcade was designed in 1830 by Witherden Young, and was named after Lord Lowther, Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Toyshops were its chief feature. In the 'nineties there was a popular song called "The Lowther Arcade."





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### CHANGE OF HABIT AND ITS SEQUENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN connection with the book on Evolution which I am now writing, I have had to consider the theme of changes of habit, which animals of all kinds have made, and are still making. But I find it by no means easy to

marked seasonal change of coloration, since, in the more northern areas of its range, it turns white in winter, though retaining the black tip to its tail. In this white pelage it is known as the "ermine," so much in demand by furriers.

northwards further than other members of its tribe. The much larger polecat (Fig. 2), from which our ferrets have been derived, has, since the introduction of steel traps, become rare. The rabbit pest, of which we now so bitterly complain, is one of the penalties of our crude conceptions of "vermin" and its control. For rabbits formed its favourite food. But a polecat was not a desirable neighbour on a poultry farm, or where game was being hand-reared in large numbers. There were, and are, however, large areas of the country where neither of these industries is carried on, and here they should have been left in peace. Here, again, when in the neighbourhood of water it proves to be an expert swimmer and diver, displaying a fondness for both frogs and eels!

Finally, we come to the pine-marten (Fig. 1), a much larger animal than the polecat, which still lingers on in the Highland deer forests. Though, by choice, arboreal, it is not confined to trees, but finds congenial haunts in cairns and heather on the open hill-side, preying on mountain hares. In forest country squirrels formed its favourite prey. But it liked to vary its diet by an occasional meal of fruit. That way the badger began. Here, then, we have the "raw material," so to speak, out of which intensively modified types, such as the largely vegetarian badger, and the wholly aquatic otter, have come into being. They have been moulded into the forms they now present by the stresses and strains encountered in their pursuit of food, and nowhere is this more clearly apparent than in the jaws and



1. A NEAR RELATION OF THE POLECAT, WHICH IT MUCH EXCEEDS IN SIZE: THE PINE-MARTEN, NOW ONE OF OUR RAREST BRITISH MAMMALS, WHICH, THOUGH A TREE-DWELLER BY CHOICE, READILY ADAPTS ITSELF TO OPEN COUNTRY AND HAS A LIKING FOR WILD FRUITS.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

satisfy myself as to the inciting causes of such changes. Some people tell me that there is no great mystery. They can all be explained, say, either by changes of climate, or "natural selection," or surplus population, or an increase in their natural enemies—and so on. But these are very unsatisfactory "explanations." They are worse than this. They are mere guesses at truth: and do not explain the inevitable changes of structure which follow in their wake.

Probably the commonest agency in bringing about changes of habit is that associated with food. A new item of diet may be found entirely by accident, or be due to a shortage of the normal diet, or it may arise out of a ruthless pursuit of an intended victim into territory possibly never before explored. All cases of this kind, however, must be those of animals which still preserve a considerable flexibility of movement, and "mental" alertness, for specialisation gradually closes the door to new departures save in one direction.

Examples in support of this view could be cited by the hundred. But the point raised will certainly be more easily grasped if they are taken from among the members of a single family, say the Mustelidæ, which include such well-known animals as the stoat, the weasel, the badger, and the otter. My choice of examples, I should explain, is an accidental one, due to the fact that I happen to be studying the dentition of these animals.

The Mustelidæ include a number of species known only to the specialist, but those of our native British species will serve my purpose admirably. To begin with, they are long, lithe-bodied creatures, displaying a very striking range of activities, and markedly different haunts. This last point is important. For haunts are not chosen for aesthetic reasons, but determined by the nature of the quarry they afford.

Let me begin with the weasel, the smallest of the tribe. Most of my readers will probably have seen it on many occasions during a country ramble, for it seems to have more successfully evaded the ruthless persecution meted out to its tribe by keepers and others who should know better. For it is an invaluable ally in keeping down rats and mice. Since these form its staple diet it is essentially a ground-dweller. But on occasion it develops no mean climbing powers. My old friend the late Archibald Thorburn gave me a convincing illustration of this, for one day he found a weasel in an old martin's nest under the eaves of his house! It apparently used this as a safe retreat during the day. Since this little creature will climb trees, either in the course of a hunt for a breakfast or in pursuit of a possible victim actually in sight, it may have discovered this "desirable residence" during one of its forays, for it could scarcely have done so from the ground if, as is supposed to be the case, its powers of sight are much less acute than its senses of hearing and smell. Further, be it noted, it will enter the water.

The stoat, much larger than the weasel, from intensive persecution is, unfortunately, becoming increasingly scarce. It does not appear to be a climber, but I have it on good authority that it is a bold and strong swimmer and has been known to catch eels! It is interesting to note that it is the only native member of the family to undergo a

A partial change is often made in animals living even in the south of England, while at the summit of Ben Nevis this white dress is worn throughout the year. This susceptibility to a low temperature, leading to a "protective" coloration during the winter months, has enabled it to extend its range

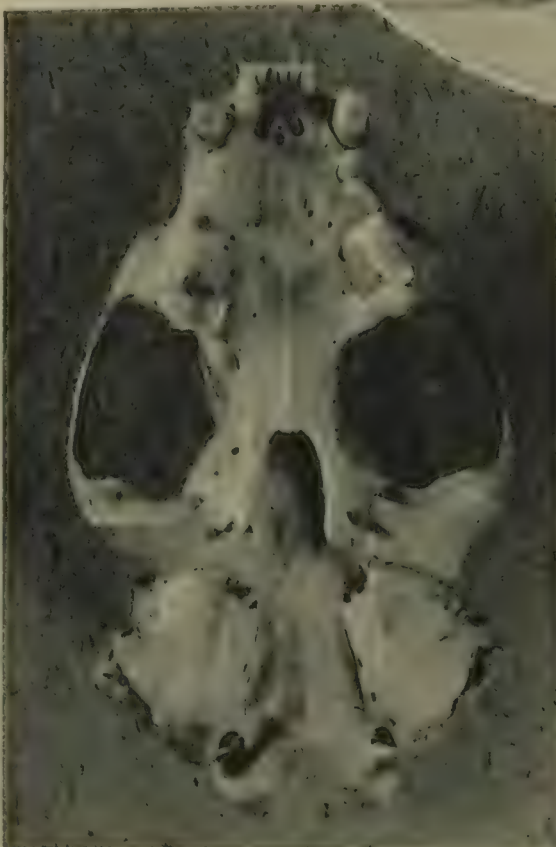


2. BECOMING VERY RARE SINCE THE INTRODUCTION OF STEEL TRAPS: THE POLECAT, OF WHICH THE FERRET IS A DOMESTICATED VARIETY.—[Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.]

teeth. Yet these present some features still in need of explanation.

Compared with those of a dog, the jaws are conspicuously short. But the fox, like other wild Canidæ, has to chase and seize its prey when moving at speed, and here long jaws are very necessary. The Mustelidæ, however, as in the cat tribe, are able to bring their victims to a standstill before seizing them with the jaws. But this only partly explains the striking differences in the jaws of the two types. The Canidæ, it is to be remembered, gnaw and break up many of the bones of their victims, and this acts as a stimulant to the growth of the teeth. In the greatest bone-smasher of them all, the hyæna, the cheek-teeth are of enormous size. The larger Felidæ—the lions and tigers—rasp the flesh from the bones of the slain by means of a spine-covered tongue: and like the Mustelidæ, they have short jaws.

From lack of use the true molars have suffered a gradual reduction in size and number in all the carnivora, never exceeding two in the upper jaw, the second being little more than a mere vestige, and even this may vanish, as will be seen in the case of the polecat, where the first molar has become reduced to very small proportions, at the extreme end of the tooth-bearing area of the palate. That the size and form of these teeth stand in direct relation to the nature of the work they have to perform is convincingly shown when the molars and pre-molars of, say, the sea-otter, badger, and otter, are compared, for here the last molars are of great size. These show, as I have said, and in no uncertain way, the relation between haunts and habits in the pursuit of food, and the changes of structure brought about by the nature of that food.



3. SHOWING THE GREAT SHORTENING OF THE JAWS, WHICH HERE BECAME GRADUALLY REDUCED IN LENGTH FOLLOWING ON CHANGED METHODS OF KILLING PREY AND IN CEASING TO GNAW BONES: THE PALATE-VIEW OF THE SKULL OF A POLECAT.



# This England . . .



*Inkpen Beacon and the Kennet Valley*

UNEXPECTED indeed are the sidelights the very new may cast upon the very old. To take wings over this England is to remark one curious thing above most others. The dear haphazard look of our countryside falls away, and field and farm, spinney and pasture, take on an ordered look. Evidence of plan is everywhere, in ancient boundary and thick-set hedge. Straight lines they could drive, those older men, and plant their perfect rectangles over ridge and hollow, with never an instrument to help. Slowly they worked, perforce, but what a heritage they left! And for strength in labour and clarity of eye and mind, they brewed them that great solace<sup>?</sup> men call Worthington today.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### SOCIAL HISTORY IN THE SALE-ROOM.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE late Mr. Francis Berry, as befitted a wine-merchant of his standing and knowledge, owned a particularly choice collection of drinking-vessels—jugs, glasses, bottles, and decanters—which consisted of about 260 separate items, and illustrated with



1. SIMILAR IN SHAPE TO THE MODERN BRANDY GLASS: A GREEK TASTING-GLASS OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. (3½ IN. HIGH)—THE CUPPED BOWL OF PINK GLASS ON HOLLOW STEM AND SLIGHTLY DOMED FOOT.

This is probably the earliest known drinking-glass and was found near Salamis in the 'seventies. It was included in the sale at Christie's, on June 21-22, of the well-known collection of old English glass and pottery formed by the late Mr. Francis L. Berry.

uncommon accuracy the gradual change in fashion throughout, roughly, a century and a half. This collection was dispersed at Christie's on Monday and Tuesday last, June 21 and 22. Nearly all were of English manufacture, but of the few specimens of ancient glass one must be mentioned here, first because it is very rare—in itself of no real importance—and secondly, because it is very beautiful, which is much more to the point. This is the small glass (3½ in. in height) shown in Fig. 1 and said to be Greek, of the fifth century B.C., which was found near Salamis sixty years ago. It interests me, not because it is old, but because it is modern—the lovely shape which we have adapted to-day for the adequate enjoyment of our after-dinner cognac. It is pleasant to think that the contemporaries of Pericles were as close to us as this.

And now for some pieces nearer to our own times and belonging to our own country. Fig. 3 is an ancestor of the modern decanter—a bulbous green glass bottle bearing a seal consisting of the cipher

"C.R." beneath a crown, the head of Charles II. full-face, and the date 1661. Note the rim to hold the string which tied the cork. In such bottles was wine served at table, not perhaps to the King himself, for his wine at this period would presumably be poured from a silver flagon, but to the household.

Similar bottles would appear upon most tables, nevertheless, for not everyone could afford a precious metal. Pepys mentions in 1663 that his wine bottles have been stamped with his crest, and several specimens have appeared on this page from time to time, either impressed with the name of a private individual, or that of a tavern, or with the crest of a well-known family.

Note, please, that corks were not always what they are to-day: they were long, conical things, on the lines of a champagne cork, and could be extracted by hand. Drive them in flush with the top, and a corkscrew is required: but who invented that essential implement to a civilised existence? Is there a memorial to him in Vintners' Hall? Has he been immortalised in bronze or paint or marble; has he been celebrated in verse, or received the thanks of Parliament? In his case, as in that of so many others, virtue has been its own reward. Let us proceed, then—the decanter as we understand the term did not appear until the eighteenth century, and the earlier examples still preserve the rim for the string; in other words, they had corks and not stoppers. Mr. W. A. Thorpe says that the stopper began to come into fashion about 1735. Needless to say that even in examples later than this there are more decanters in existence than stoppers, for

evolved. Here are three sorts which are typical of their kind. First, one of a pair (Fig. 4; right) and a second with pointed stopper (Fig. 4; left), all three enamelled by Beilby of Newcastle, a firm which specialised in this type of decoration; and secondly (Fig. 5), a decanter of which the body, neck, and

stopper are covered with facet cutting—a technique which, in the opinion of many, was one of the greatest triumphs of the English (and Irish) craftsman of the period. Until one actually sees and handles a piece of this character and quality, one is tempted to dismiss all cut glass as an abomination, because one sees such enormous quantities of vulgar, shoddy, machine-made nineteenth-century and modern cut glass; this exquisite and difficult art succumbed as soon as anything to Victorian standards. Another displays two types of decoration in combination—cutting on neck and base, engraving on the body.

There are more than a hundred drinking-glasses which illustrate the change of fashion from 1680 onwards, thus—

C. 1680-1740. Baluster and Plain stems.

C. 1740-1760. Air-twist stems.

C. 1755-1780. Opaque and Colour Twist stems.

C. 1770-1800. Facet-cut stems.—familiar and pleasant types which, in one instance at least, provide evidence of a change of economic



2. BEARING AN INSCRIPTION ON THE BULBOUS BODY AND WITH A PIERCED NECK AND THREE SPOUTS: A BRISTOL DELFT PUZZLE JUG (8 IN. HIGH; CIRCA 1750).



4. BOTH DECORATED BY BEILBY, OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: (LEFT) A DECANTER ENAMELLED IN BLUE AND OPAQUE, WITH A FACETED PINNACLE STOPPER AND (RIGHT) ONE OF A PAIR OF DECANTERS WITH SHOULDERED BODIES ENAMELLED IN WHITE (CIRCA 1755).



5. THE STRAIGHT-SIDED AND ROUNDED SHOULDERS, BODY AND NECK ENTIRELY CUT WITH FACET CUTTING: ONE OF A PAIR OF DECANTERS.



3. WITH A SEAL BEARING A HEAD OF CHARLES II, AND THE CIPHER "C.R." BENEATH A CROWN: A DARK GREEN GLASS SERVING-BOTTLE (7½ IN. HIGH. DATED 1661).

policy as well as of social habit, for until 1740 glasses were sold by weight—the heavier the glass, the more it cost. Hence the much-admired solidity and generous proportions of the earlier baluster and plain-stem glasses. A tax forced the manufacturers to employ less weight and to tempt the public taste by other devices.

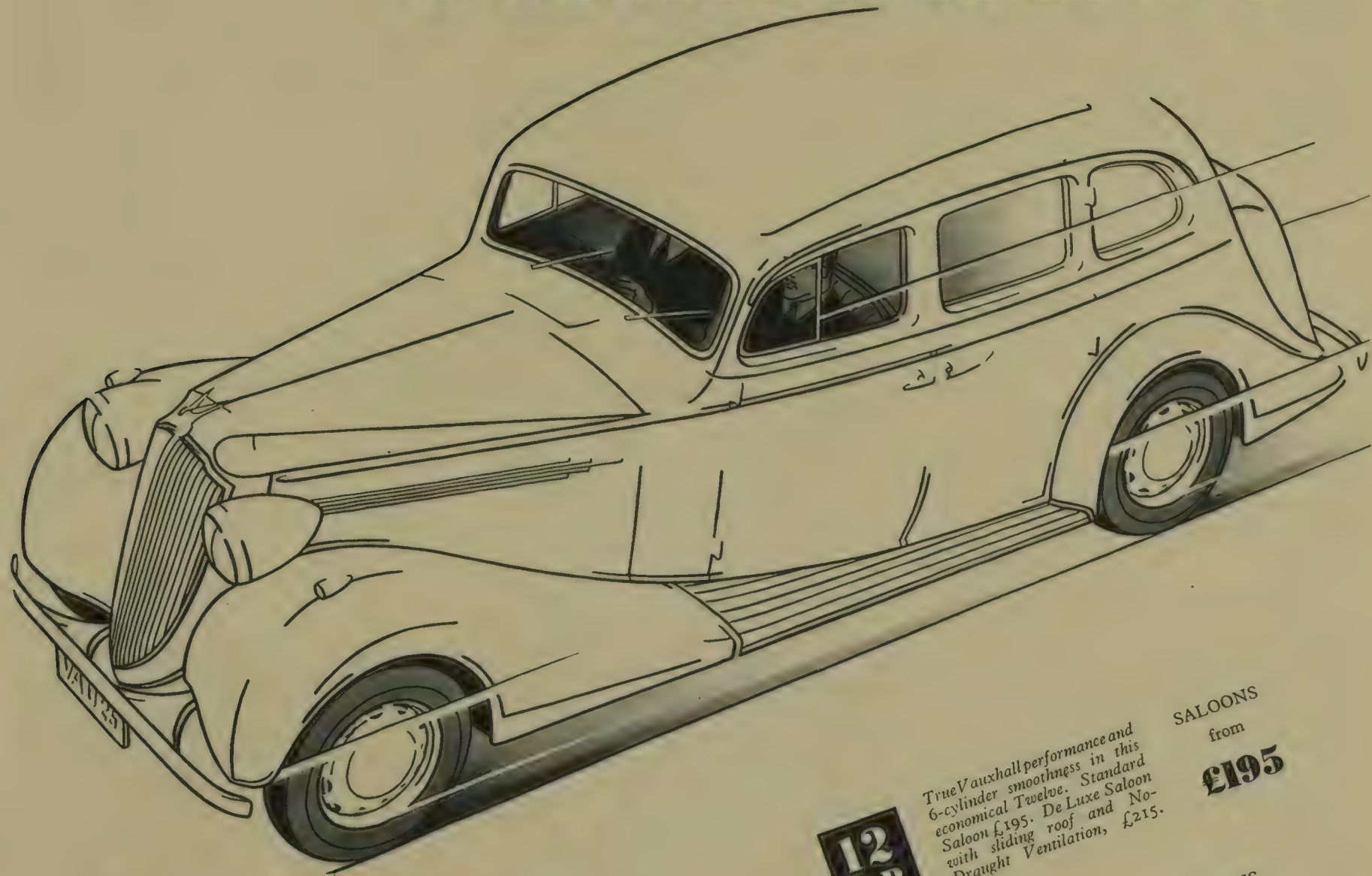
A dozen Jacobite glasses form a section by themselves, as also about sixty pieces of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Delft, of which Fig. 2 is a good example. It dates from about 1750, and is a puzzle jug, bearing this inscription—good, hearty, bucolic humour—

Within this can there is good Liquor,  
Tis fit for Parson or for Vicar.  
But how to drink but not to spill  
Will try the utmost of your skill.

There are three spouts at the top and the neck is perforated: both country bumpkins and other more sophisticated people have been known to pour beer over themselves before they learnt the trick. The handle is hollow and so is the rim: place two fingers over two spouts, the mouth to the other, tilt with care and suck hard. I admit it is difficult to perform this feat with either elegance or dignity; but then, our forefathers were not very genteel.



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## FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

BY HARTLEY WITHERS.

## HAS REARMAMENT HELPED?

ONE of the chief slogans of the band of pessimists who have been trying to persuade us that a slump is inevitable before long is a cry that our present prosperity is artificial, being stimulated by the armament programme, and is therefore bound to wilt as soon as expenditure on defence comes to an end or begins to slacken. In view of the many years during which industrial recovery had been progressing before the rearmament programme was heard of, this contention looks like another example of pessimistic ingenuity, possibly in some cases inspired by a desire to engineer a decline in security prices. In fact, it would be easy to make a strong case for the contention that, so far, the armament programme has been a hindrance rather than a help to genuine industry, and that investors have no need to fear any adverse effects from its conclusion, or from the hints, lately current, of a possible international agreement by which the pace of the armaments race may be checked. When we remember all the awkward results that the scheme of defence has produced, we see at once that its effects, on balance, have been on the side of depression rather than stimulus. Just at the time when industry was beginning to experience some difficulty in obtaining, at reasonable prices, the materials and semi-manufactured goods that it uses in production, and the skilled labour necessary for their conversion into finished articles, the demands of the Government, coming into an already rather restricted market, gave just the extra push upwards to cost of production that was the last thing that business organisers wanted to see. Of course, it could not be helped—everybody except a few extreme pacifists are agreed about that—but it was not helpful, especially to those industries which were making a gallant—and wonderfully successful, in some cases—struggle to win back export markets, in spite of tariffs, exchange restrictions, and other obstacles.

## THE GAMBLE IN COMMODITIES.

But this increase of genuine demand for materials was a minor feature, as compared with the stimulus that it administered to the host of speculators, who had been frozen out of the market in exchange by the regulation exercised by the Exchange Equalisation

Fund, and had decided that the rise in security prices made the stock markets look a little top-heavy. Mincing Lane and the Metal Exchange were kept busy by a crowd of clients, many of them dealing in commodities of which they had never previously heard, and backing, with an eagerness which they had afterwards only too much reason to rue, the expectation of a rocketing rise in the materials of industry, very much to the detriment of industry. At the same time, the produce and metal markets were receiving similar attention in America; and it is, surely, not too fanciful to suppose that the British rearmament programme was at least a partial cause of the outburst of commodity speculation in the United States. In so far as this was so, the armament programme was the cause of the gold scare, the effects of which were for a time so disastrous to the markets in securities and commodities, and also to the prevalent tone of business sentiment, on which the progress of industry so closely depends.

## THE PROFITS TAX.

If the case against armaments, as producer of the gold scare, may be held to be somewhat far-fetched, there can be no doubt about its being the origin of the unfortunate tax on the growth of profits, now happily reconstructed and shorn of many of its more objectionable features. For this tax was created and devised for the express purpose of paying for as much of the armament expenditure as was not to be covered by borrowing and by existing sources of revenue. Its effect on industry was direct and definite; for immediately after it had been announced, it was found impossible to make arrangements for a large number of new issues, the financing of which, if completed, would have led to demands on industry for plant, buildings, and other equipment. I have, in recent times of stock market depression, repeatedly contended that the course of security prices is not a matter that need trouble real investors, because they do not affect the progress and profits of the enterprises from which investors receive their incomes. But when the stock markets are so upset that new issues become for the time being impossible, we see very clearly that a market in securities, under our present economic arrangements, is essential to industrial growth and progress. Existing enterprises, already provided with capital, may ignore the vagaries of the stock markets; but young ones that are trying to equip themselves cannot supply their needs if they find that the imposition of a tax, for purposes

of armament, has dried up the fountain from which they had hoped to draw their financial resources. And it was not only new industrial ventures which were held up by the original N.D.C.

## THE CHECK TO BUILDING.

Last Saturday's *Times* observed, in its City Notes, that "evidence of the check to new enterprise that resulted from the announcement of the original N.D.C. proposals is clearly proved by the official figures of building plans approved by a selection of urban authorities in May." It reminded us that after a temporary slackening in building operations in the later part of 1936, there had been a recovery in the first quarter of this year, the continued decline in housing being more than made good by expansion in plans for factories and other industrial projects; and that in April a continuance of the high level of activity in the industry had been indicated, a rise of 16 per cent. above the figures of the previous April having been recorded. But the preliminary figures for May had shown a decline of no less than 27.8 per cent., housing plans having fallen by £1,891,000 and other plans by £1,570,000. "As the May figures in recent years," the *Times* adds, "have indicated a rising trend, there is little doubt that last month's happenings were affected by the N.D.C. project." Now that the N.D.C. project has been reformed out of all recognition, it may fairly be expected that building activity may be resumed; but in the meantime we are fully justified in debiting the armament programme with having inflicted a severe blow on an important industry.

## WHEN IT IS OVER.

If, then, the notion that our recent industrial activity has been largely stimulated by the armament programme is seen to be not only untrue but a direct reverse of the truth, we can surely go further and cheer ourselves with the belief that when it is finished, and such stimulus as it has provided is withdrawn, there is no reason to expect that British industry will relapse into depression, still less tumble into a slump. Why should it do so? Because, say the pessimists, industry always works in cycles, and every period of expansion is followed by one of recession. This may have been so in the past and it may be true that some time in the future we shall suffer a partial recession, though there is no reason to expect that it will take us down again below the level of activity to which we have lately climbed.



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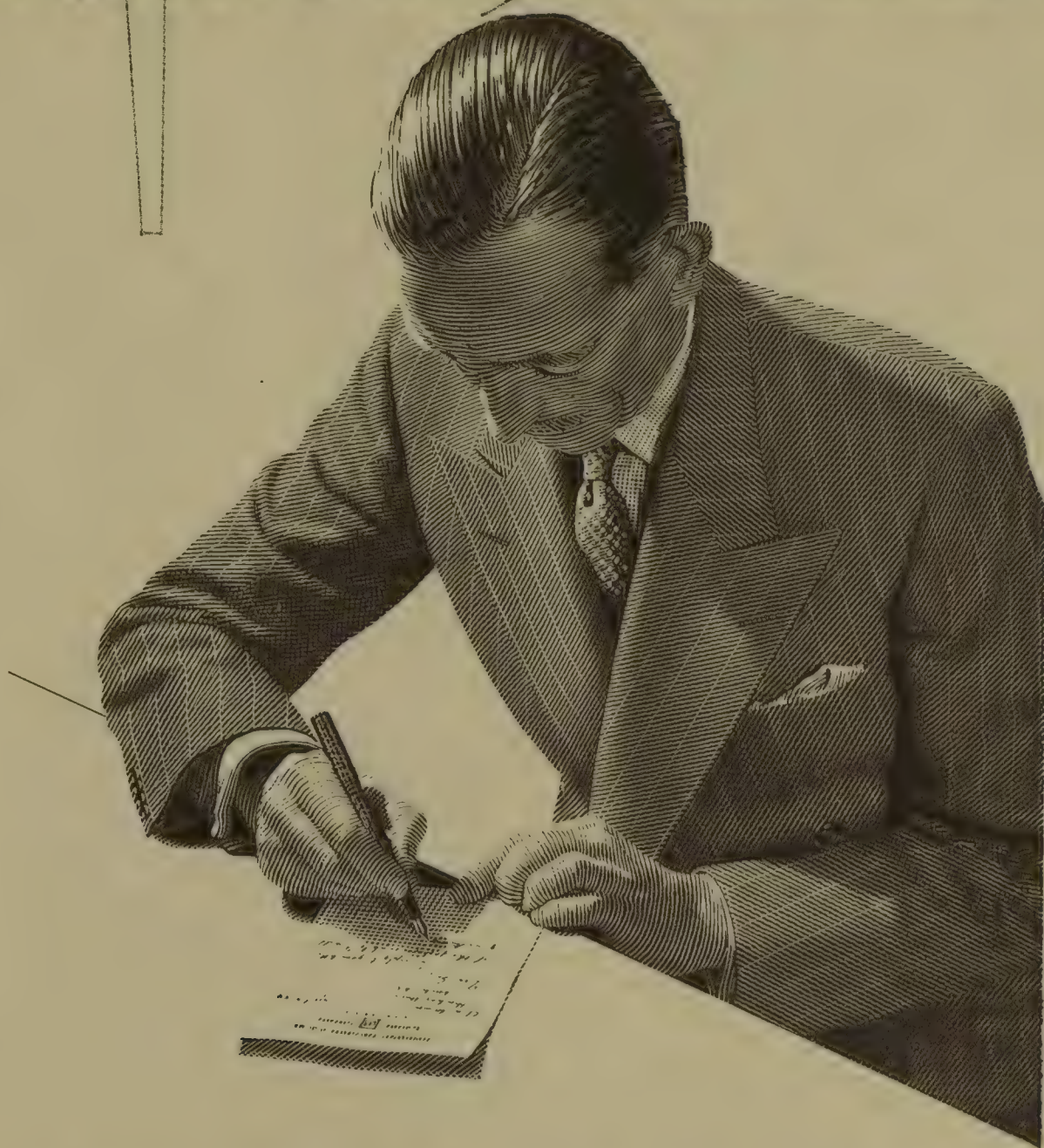
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# Of Interest to Women.



## Simple Lines and Gay Colours.

The story of modish beachwear begins with gay colours and ends in simple lines. Those important features are present in the collection assembled at Harrods, Knightsbridge, some of which find pictorial expression on this page. A study in marine blue and white is the swim-suit portrayed on the extreme left, the scheme being completed with a becoming coat made up on the reverse side of the material. The suit on the right of the group consists of white linen shorts (twenty-one shillings and ninepence; they are admirably cut and tailored) and a set consisting of eyeshade, sun-top, and bag for eighteen shillings and ninepence. By the way, there are delightfully shady coolie hats for five shillings. A play-suit and coat are seen in the centre of the page; the two are thirty-five shillings and sixpence. There is a host of different occasions when the coat may appropriately be worn. Beach wraps in a variety of colour schemes are available for eighteen shillings and ninepence. The trousers illustrated on the right are of grey worsted, the price being thirty-five shillings and sixpence. The jersey is twenty-two shillings and sixpence; the stripes are arranged on flattering lines—it seems almost unnecessary to add that they have a slimming effect. The wide belt demands that its price shall be stated; it is five shillings and sixpence. There is really something particularly attractive about the sandals; some are of crochet string, some of linen, and some of canvas, the soles being of cork and rubber. And of wool swim-suits there is a splendid collection, all makers of prestige being represented.

## Tweeds and Felts.

Although the climate can only be described as tropical, women are thinking in terms of tweeds and felts. The classic suit still pursues the even tenor of its way; it is made of soft tweeds in subdued colourings, as well as in those where bold checks and stripes are all-important. Sometimes a sand-coloured dress will be seen in conjunction with a vivid purple fleece coat trimmed with a flat fur. There are neat little *tailleurs* of tweed, and with them are seen chiffon blouses mounted on pale sand, magnolia pink, or hydrangea blue slips; they are trimmed in such a manner that they appear to be camisoles. Felt hats that are unusual in shape but innocent of all decoration are seen together with these suits, many of them having a brim finished with a Velazquez roll. Tyrolean felt hats with breast-plumage mounts and quills have evidently come to stay.

## Furs at Summer Prices.

Silver fox promises to be regarded with as much favour as ever; therefore every woman must take advantage of the summer and sale prices that will prevail during the ensuing weeks. Mink coats about forty-two inches long, with soft fitting collars and shoulder fullness, are excellent investments, or there may be some who prefer the full-length. For evening wear there are Russian ermine capes with Guardsmen's shoulders, the neckline finished with a loosely draped scarf. A fur that has suffered an eclipse and has now retrieved its reputation is cross-fox. The connoisseur does not care for the kind that has red lights in it, but it must have the whole gamut of brown shades. Wraplets and stoles of it look lovely with black. It has a rival, however, and that is natural blue fox, of which there are many tones; honours are divided between the very light and the extremely dark.







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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THERE has been much written in regard to the existing Regulation (Clause 95) which permits the police and official inspectors of the Ministry of Transport to test the brakes, etc., of private cars in public and private garages. Originally, such a proceeding only required the consent of the owner

As a matter of fact, neither the police nor the Ministry of Transport officials are going to pester motor-owners by testing cars merely for something to do. Unless there is evidence such as failing to stop in a reasonable distance when halted by the police, or of steering showing difficulty in its handling and so being a possible danger to other road-users, the police will never trouble to examine the car. Also, as has already appeared in this column, no motorist with any thought for the well-being of all using or driving cars would willingly neglect having brakes, steering, and all controls in perfect order. So the average ordinary owner and driver of a motor-car has nothing to worry about in these new Regulations. They were framed for tradesmen's ancient vans and cars that often ought not to be licensed, because of faulty brakes and steering gear.

According to a memorandum issued by Lord Nuffield's quality car company, Wolseley Motors, Ltd., the net turnover from car sales showed an increase for the nine months ending May 31 of 34.6 per cent. as compared with the sales of these cars over the same period last year. This, says Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, the managing director (recently appointed a vice-president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders), is partly due to the new Regulations whereby private cars may be inspected. The public rightly carefully consider buying high-quality British cars, as it is obvious these are

less likely to fail in their chassis construction or steering gear, brakes, and other essential parts. There is small chance, therefore, that these cars will ever be liable to official inspection because of failure of important details in their construction. At the same time, no motor-vehicle should be neglected by its owner, and every car benefits by a monthly visit

to a near-by service station for a mild inspection and overhaul of the brakes and steering, and for loosened nuts, etc.

Summer calls for the need of topping-up the battery. At the same time, the evaporation is very little when compared with what used to happen in pre-war days, irrespective of high temperatures. An example of this was given by the Peto and Radford batteries, standard equipment on the Rolls-Royce car, in the recent trip of 12,000 miles from Derby to Nairobi and back. Notwithstanding heavy vibrations from rough road surfaces, distilled water was added only three times on this journey, at intervals of 4000 miles, and the acid-level was never found to be below the tops of the plates, even though the accumulators were working in temperatures of 118 degrees in the shade.



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of the premises. Now it requires consent of the garage owner and the consent of the owner of the vehicle. The latter must be notified that the police or the Ministry of Transport inspector desire to examine, and naturally every owner would give consent, or else stand practically convicted that the car was out of order.



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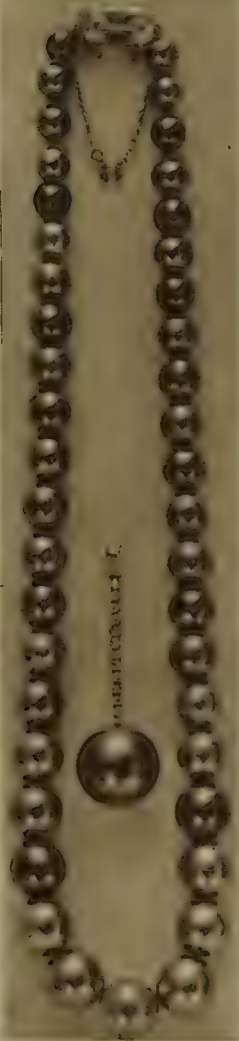
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# "SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE OF THE 'REVENGE.'"

(Continued from page 1198.)

Thus came stricter application to his personal affairs and to his County: he spent his energies on the tasks that fall to a wealthy landowner and a Justice of the Peace in the west, out to quash "tumultuous assemblies," a Sheriff of Cornwall (for a hectic year), an owner of ships, more especially of the privateering *Castle of Comfort*, a hunter of papists, a taker of Musters, and, particularly, as one of those charged with local defences, inspecting the coast forts and castles of Cornwall in view of the rumour that there was an armada preparing in Spain "and no one knew what its destination might be."

Add the voyage to Virginia, in 1585, after the scouting expeditions of Amadas and Barlow, for the planting of the first English colony in America, on the coast of what is now North Carolina—he being willing to hazard himself "out of the love he bore unto Sir Walter Raleigh, together with a disposition he had to attempt honourable actions"—; the later voyages; the surveying of the castle at Tintagel and of the important works that were being pressed forward at Dover, at the entrance to the harbour; the winning "by violence" of tall ships; his part in the plantation of Munster; and such activities as preparation for the onslaught by the Great Armada, when "English sea-power was at the highest level of efficiency—it had yet attained" and Grenville, almost certainly to his disgust, instead of doing spectacular service, was but ordered to play his part at a danger-point in the English defences. And, finally, add the Azores and the whirlwind of disaster. What a list of enterprises, a list with which few rivals could have coped, however blessed with virility and the will to thrust on.

Wrote Raleigh: "Sir Richard died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the General, and was by them [the Spaniards] greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried at sea or on the land we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour."

It is not likely that his own honour will ever rest unsung: poets and prose writers have immortalised him. Mr. Rowse sees him less as a god, but his image of him will endure. His labour must have been one of love: maybe he has recalled, and is in sympathy with, the Miltonic: "By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die." Present times, as well as after times, should encourage him; for his book is, indeed, of the worthiest.

E. H. G.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

"ORPHEE" AT COVENT GARDEN; AND  
"COSI" AT GLYNDEBOURNE.

GLUCK'S "Orfeo" (or, as it is called in the French version, "Orphée") is one of the landmarks of operatic history. It was first produced in Vienna in 1762 and was revised by Gluck for performance in Paris in 1774, when the part of Orphée, originally composed for a contralto voice, was given to a tenor. It is the Paris version which is produced at Covent Garden in a new setting by Dr. Emil Preterorius, of Munich, whose settings for "Der Fliegende Holländer" have proved so successful.

It cannot be said that Dr. Preterorius has given us the wished-for *décor* for "Orphée," but his scenery and his costumes are meritorious, and certainly are much superior to the sort of pantomime setting from which most productions of "Orphée" suffer. The first scene was rather good, and the scene of the Fields of the Blest had a pastoral, tranquil character, in the manner of Turner's Claudian landscapes, which was much more in keeping with the character of Gluck's music drama than most settings I have seen. The scene with the fairies and the following scene were, in my opinion, not as successful as they might

have been. The present Covent Garden production, which is based on a Berlin production, does not fail to make a deep impression upon those who are capable of responding to Gluck's conceptions. These conceptions, however, are so superior, so alien, to the most clamant spirit of the age that on the first night the Covent Garden audience was a little too bewildered even to be able to register its feelings, although I personally think that the impression made was deeper than appeared. Applause is not always a good index of this; a far more significant sign is the stillness of attention given during the performance, and, judging by the rapt silence in which the greater part of this extraordinarily beautiful music was heard, I consider that "Orphée" made a rather profound impression. The cast was adequate rather than very distinguished. As Orphée, André Burdino was successful only in part: now and again his voice has an unsympathetic quality. The Eurydice of Maggie Teyte was more satisfying and, indeed, was the best performance of the evening. The orchestra played well and was conducted with skill and care by Fritz Reiner. The ballet, which is a very important feature of this opera, was excellently danced by Col. de Basil's company, which included Baronova, Danilova, Riabouchinska, and others.

The production of "Cosi fan tutte" at Glyndebourne makes the fourth of the present season. It was conducted by Fritz Busch, and the cast was the same as last year's, with Irene Eisinger back again as Despina. "Cosi" remains in some respects the greatest triumph of Glyndebourne. The performance this year has an increased sensitiveness and poise. This opera, which is one of the greatest masterpieces of music, has never been so superbly and understandingly performed within living memory as here at Glyndebourne under Dr. Fritz Busch.

W. J. TURNER.



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## HEAD-HUNTERS NEVER BEFORE VISITED BY EUROPEANS.

(Continued from page 1200. See copyright notice on that page.)

It was in no amiable mood, therefore, that we approached Noklak, the village responsible for all our wayside trouble. But its hostility proved as half-hearted as it had been annoying. Waving branches, its men came to meet us. "Is it peace or war?" they shouted. "Peace!" we called back. Then they came and talked, and were quite prepared to pay a fine of a good number of pigs for blocking our path with *panjis*. They explained that they dared not offend Pangsha by giving us an easy passage, and were only too pleased to avoid a quarrel with either side. This was the first Kalyo Kengyu village we had seen, and it struck me at once how completely different it was from the Chang villages we had visited. Its most outstanding features were the roofs covered with slates and the enormous xylophones made of hollowed trees. Inside one of these log drums, which have no opening along the top, but are open at both ends a man can sit with comfort. The defences of the village were admirable; sentry-boxes in high trees overlook the country all round, and one enters by a narrow, roofed gangway leading through a living wall of impenetrable creepers and prickly shrubs.

After camping for a night at Noklak we proceeded cautiously on our way to Pangsha. Our path lay along the slopes on the western bank of the Langnyu River, and across it to the east the hills swept magnificently up to the Patkoi Range, on the far side of which lay Burma. At last, on the far slopes, our goal came in sight, two separate settlements some three miles apart. We decided to visit first the largest and farthest. We had heard from our guide, Pangsha's former ally, that their plan was to lead us into an ambush by meeting us with a present and thereby putting us off our guard. True enough, it was not long before we saw a small party approaching, conspicuously leading a goat. But the gleam of sunshine on spear-points had caught our eyes, and we could see through our field-glasses a strong armed force streaming across the river and disappearing into dense jungle near the place where our path led down into the valley. The envoys with the goat were full

of smooth words, but falsely said that they could not produce the slave girl. So we sent them back and by doing so formally declared war. To avoid the ambush we cut our way straight down to the valley, and as it was getting late camped at the river for the night. All the time warriors of Pangsha, fully armed, watched every movement from the ridge above us, but, apart from trying to cut off some of our coolies who had gone to get wood a few hundred yards from our camp, they did not attempt to attack us. We had expected to get some of their poisoned arrows into the camp at night, and were truly thankful to be left in peace. For a scratch from one is fatal in a few minutes. Were we not shown a bear which, touched by one, had dropped after a dozen paces? The tree from which the poison comes is unknown to science, for however far one goes into the unknown hills it is always said to grow yet further on. It must be the veritable upas tree of fable, for it is said that no bird can perch on it and live, and that a man tapping the sap must see that the wind blows the fumes away from him.

Even when we finally approached the main village the next morning we were unopposed, though we could see men from time to time and knew that hundreds were hiding quite near in the ravines and broken ground. There was nothing to be done but to burn the place. Some arm-chair humanitarians in Europe may think this a cruel act. In view, however, of all the atrocities Pangsha had committed lately, it was really a very lenient punishment, and the blow to their pride far greater than the damage to their property. Bamboo houses, thatched with palm leaves, can be rebuilt in a few days, and the inhabitants had had ample time to evacuate the women and children to safety and to remove their property. Even the granaries were empty and the grain hidden somewhere in the woods. The flames sprang from roof to roof, and soon the invincible village was one blazing mass of fire. Clouds of smoke covered the sky, and the light of the sun turned to an unreal and ghastly violet. (See illustration on page 1200.)

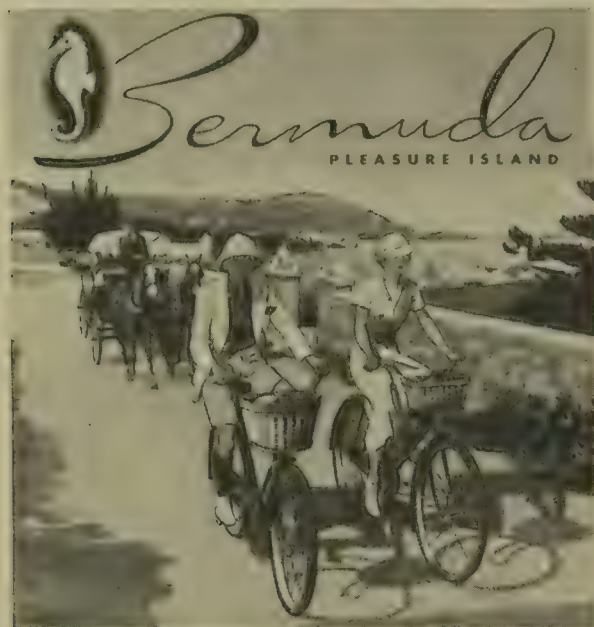
But our task was not yet finished. The smaller settlement of Pangsha had to be taught its lesson. To get to it we went down the Langnyu valley, hoping we should find open grass flats all the way. But soon

cliffs closed in on us, and we had to scramble and ford as best we could, so that we only had time to make a fence and a camp before nightfall. The next day we sent our coolies and half our escort ahead towards Chingmei, and ourselves went up to burn the smaller village, with fifty rifles. The sun, rising over the range, shone full in our eyes and blinded us, but luckily the enemy took no advantage of this. Again the inhabitants had bolted, and it did not take us very long to set the houses on fire. Everything seemed to be over, but it was not so by any means.

Our way down led through fields of giant millet, ten feet high. We had only gone a few hundred yards when we saw down below us on our right a stream of armed men, running as I never thought men could run, coming from the main village. They outnumbered us ten to one, and were warriors who had never known defeat. They clearly meant to cut us off and wipe us out. Our only chance was to seize some position where range would help us; for the giant millet was easy to charge through and yet effective cover, and they would be on us before we could have seen them properly. Up the slope of the spur they came, with a roar none of us is likely to forget, but the advance guard was on a knoll by that time and could see. Rifles cracked and bullets whistled over our heads as they fired at men close to us, but invisible. Five Pangsha men dropped dead on the spot, and the charge wavered and stopped when arms were drawn back for the shower of spears which would have decimated, and might have overwhelmed us. For Naga leaders lead, and in their warfare all depends on a few men of valour, and when these fall, Nagas flee as the Philistines fled at the death of Goliath. The day was won, for, though they harassed us all the way down, the first determined attack was not repeated, and we continued our withdrawal unhampered by dead or wounded, every one of whom would have had to be carried, for trophies could on no account have been left in Pangsha hands.

Rather exhausted, and thirsty beyond words, we rejoined the rest of the column some hours later. Using his twenty years' experience of Naga mentality, Mr. Mills sent word to Pangsha, through men of another village, that he was ready to talk things over with them and would guarantee the security of any

[Continued overleaf.]



### TRAFFIC TAKES A HOLIDAY

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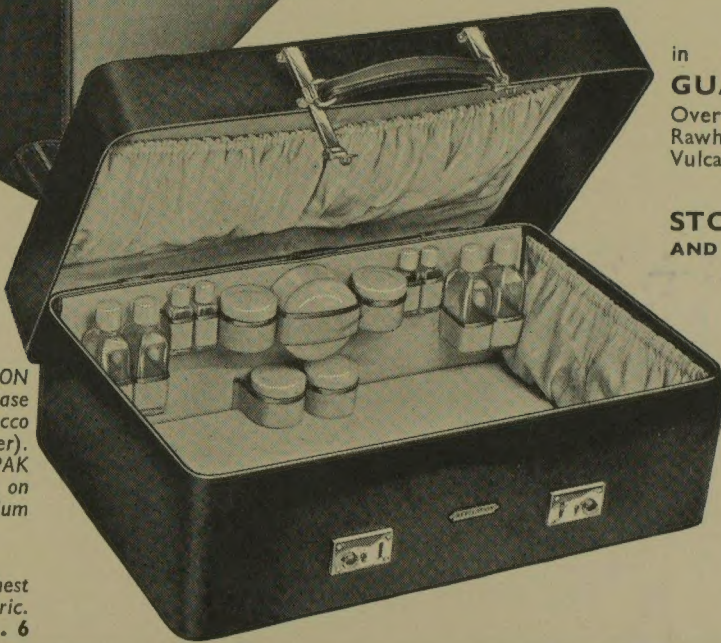


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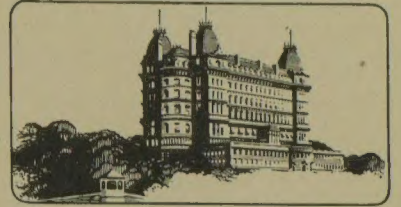
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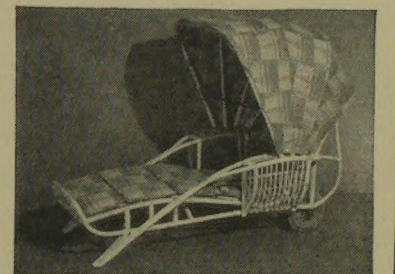
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### HEAD-HUNTERS NEVER BEFORE VISITED BY EUROPEANS.

(Continued from Page 1232.)

negotiators. To my great surprise a deputation came to our base camp at Chingmei two days later. It was an amazing scene. We were in our little hut, drinking gin and bitters before dinner, that crowns the day's work, and studiously avoiding shop, when word came that Pangsha men were at the gate. We had them admitted, and I can only describe what happened by saying that they joined us! They had brought rice beer, and in a minute men who had attacked us with no quarter were exchanging drinks and laughing over the incidents of a clean fight. One had a badly damaged foot, and when that had been dressed and bandaged up we talked business.

They accepted all Mr. Mills' terms, and promised not to raid any of the villages which had supported us and not to take any more slaves in the future. They also agreed to give up all the slaves they still held and, what is more, duly fulfilled this promise a few days later.

The news of the fate of Pangsha soon spread abroad and, though we camped at other villages never visited before, we met with no more hostile receptions. A great area had been freed from the spectre of slave-raiding, and we can reasonably hope that gradually it will become more and more difficult for the devotees of human sacrifice in Burma to get the victims they need, till the custom dies a natural death.

Our aim had been achieved by a very minimum of force and expenditure. I believe the whole expedition cost £500—and I could not help admiring the efficient and merciful methods by which the British establish their authority, even among unadministered tribes, and succeed in gradually suppressing such customs as

slavery and human sacrifice. All the operations were along the lines of traditional Naga warfare and did not leave Pangsha with any feeling of being defeated by unfair means.

### BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 1216.)

may abolish inhibitions. Something of the kind has been remarked upon in men of action—Julius Caesar with epilepsy—Napoleon with cancer. And in the arts there have been Scott, Byron, Keats, Milton, Beethoven."

Allusions to Gauguin and other modernist painters (including Diego Rivera) occur in another attractive book in which art, especially that of pre-Columbian culture in America, forms the dominant interest. I refer to "BATTLEFIELD OF THE GODS." Aspects of Mexican History, Art and Exploration. By Pál Kelemen. With Introduction by Professor Alfred M. Tozzer, Harvard University, and sixty-one Illustrations (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.). This book, the first in English by a noted Hungarian archaeologist, is a beguiling blend of personal travel experiences, history, archaeology, and art criticism, forming a popular prelude to a more serious undertaking. "With the yard-stick of an art-historian," writes the author, "I went to Yucatan and the Valley of Mexico to study there the remnants of ancient art before Columbus. I stood in amazement before shimmering Maya edifices in the tropical jungle . . . and received overwhelming impressions from the barbaric Aztec art of the Mexican Valley." He was

deeply impressed also with the art of the Spanish colonial period. "I made these sketches and studies," he adds, "in preparation for a forthcoming work [on] the ancient art of the Western Hemisphere." Readers, I am sure, will eagerly await the fuller volume.

Incidentally, M. Kelemen quotes a charming record of sixteenth-century Aztec femininity, preserved in a book by Bernardino Sahagun, a Franciscan friar who went to Mexico in 1529. An Aztec mother is giving advice to her child, who is approaching womanhood. Addressing her as "My beloved daughter, my very dear little dove," the good woman touches on matters of speech, dress, poise, and bodily carriage in words that might well be taken to heart by the modern girl: "Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may appear neither fantastic nor mean. . . . Let your words be proper, of a good sound, and your voice gentle. In walking, my daughter, see that you behave becomingly. . . . And when you may be obliged to jump over a pool of water, do it with decency, that you may neither appear clumsy nor light." These admonitions seem to imply some physical training, though the Aztecs may not have used that phrase. In one respect this anxious mother may even then have been deemed old-fashioned by the younger generation. "See likewise," she said, "that you never paint your face, or stain it or your lips with colours in order to appear well; since this is the mark of vile and unchaste women." Our modern girls must forgive her; it was not her fault that she was four centuries behind the times!

C. E. B.

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**Knocke-Zoute**—**Rubens Hotel**—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front, near Casino. Free Conveyance to Links.

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**Le Touquet**—(P. de C.)—**Golf Hotel**—Facing Links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.  
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**Baden-Baden**—**Hotel Europe**—Most beautiful position opposite Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms from R.M. 5. Pension from R.M. 11.  
**Baden-Baden**—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof**—Wholly renovated. Facing Kurpark; a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.  
**Baden-Baden**—**Holland Hotel**. 150 beds, large park, close Casino. Pension terms: R.M. 11 upwards. Personal Management: H. A. Rössler.  
**Baden-Baden**—**Hotel Stadt Strassburg**—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M. 9.  
**Baden-Baden (Black Forest)**—**Brenner's Stephanie**—The leading hotel.  
**Baden-Baden (Black Forest)**—**Brenner's Parkhotel**—Pension from M. 14.  
**Bad Kissingen**—**Staatl.**—Kurhaushotel—World-renowned house.  
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**Bad Kissingen**—**Hotel Reichshof**—Distinguished Family Hotel.  
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**GERMANY (Continued)**  
**Bad Nauheim**—**Hotel Augusta Victoria**—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 9.  
**Bad Nauheim**—**The Carlton**—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park. 20 yards from baths.  
**Bad Nauheim**—**Jeschke's Grand Hotel**—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.  
**Bad Nauheim**—**Der Kaiserhof**—First-class hotel. Large garden facing baths and Kur-park. 150 rooms, 50 baths. Pension from R.M. 11.  
**Bad Nauheim**—**Palast Hotel**—Most beautiful position facing the Kur-park and Baths. Ex. cuisine. Special diets. Pension from R.M. 10.  
**Bad Nauheim**—**Hilbert's Park Hotel**—First-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opposite. Baths and Springs.  
**Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)**—**Staatl. Kurhotel**. Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.  
**Cologne**—**Hotel Comedienhof**—Nr. Stn. & Cath. New wing Dec. 1936. Rms. fm. R.M. 4. lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6, pr. b. fr. R.M. 8. Gar. adj. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.  
**Cologne**—**Excelsior Hotel Ernst**—The leading hotel of Cologne.  
Opposite the Cathedral.  
**Cologne**—**Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom**—Up-to-date renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director Otto Holl.  
**Cologne**—**Hotel Monopol-Metropol**—The modern home for travellers.  
First-class Restaurant.  
**Dresden**—**Hotel Bellevue**—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on the river. Garden-Park, Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.  
**Dresden**—**Hotel Schiller**—The latest first-class hotel. World renowned, distinguished family-home Near station.  
**Düsseldorf**—**Bahnhof-Hotel**—The first class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms 20 private bathrooms, Garage, Restaurants.  
**Düsseldorf**—**Breidenbacher Hof**—Leading Hotel World renwd. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam "Grill" Am. Bar—Orc. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. baths fr. 9.  
**Frankfort-on-Main**—**Hotel Excelsior**—Left exit of Central Station.  
300 beds, from R.M. 4.  
**Frankfort-on-Main**—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof**—Leading, but not expensive.  
Grill-room. Bar.  
**Frankfort-on-Main**—**Park Hotel**—Near central Station. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage and Pumps on the premises.  
**Freiburg**—**Hotel Zähringer Hof**—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bath-rooms.  
**Garmisch Partenkirchen**—**Hotels Gibson/Schönblick**—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Moderate terms.  
**Garmisch**—**Bavarian Alps**—**Sonnenbiel**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.  
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Rooms from 5 R.M.  
**Heidelberg**—**Black Forest**—**Hotel Reichspost**—The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.  
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**Hundseck**—(2952 feet). Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. cmf. Pen. from R.M. 7 to R.M. 9

### CONTINENTAL HOTELS—Continued.

**GERMANY (Continued)**  
**Leipzig**—**Hotel Astoria**—The latest and most perf. hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.  
**Munich**—**Grand Hotel Continental**—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.  
**Munich**—**Hotel Grunewald**—Opposite central station.  
300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.  
**Munich**—**Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz**—1st class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mk. New Garage in hotel.  
**Munich**—**Park Hotel**—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot & cold running water. Most reasonable rates.  
**Nuremberg**—**Hotel Königshof**—All comforts. Moderate prices. Situated the entrance of the old town. Opposite the station.  
**Sand**—**Kurhaus Sand**—R.A.C. Hotel (2900 feet). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishg. Inclusive terms fm Mk. 6. Catalogues.  
**Sasbachwalden (Black Forest)**—**Landhaus Fuchs**—20 miles fr. Baden-Baden, a country hse. dsngd. for the few. Private swim. pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.  
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**Wiesbaden**—**Hotel Nassauer Hof**—World renwd. Finest pos. opposite Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Patd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from 12 Mk.  
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**Wiesbaden**—**Hotel Rose**—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English and American Society. Pension from Marks 11.  
**Wiesbaden**—**Victoria Hotel**—First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring. Garage. Pension from 8 Marks.  
**Wiesbaden**—**Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons)**—Select home of Society. Best position opposite Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pens. from R.M. 12

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By FRED. J. MELVILLE.

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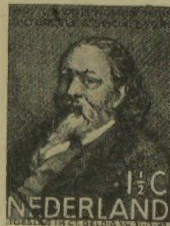
JAPAN is to have a complete new definitive series, and portraits of celebrated Japanese will provide the designs for some of the values. The first is to hand in a striking picture of General Nogi on the 2 sen carmine, issued in the island Empire on May 20. The Imperial Crest, the 16-petalled chrysanthemum, is over the General's head. Admiral Togo is to appear on the 4 sen.



JAPAN: GENERAL NOGI.

Among the last of the Coronation stamps to reach the homeland is the set from Nauru, or Pleasant Island, in the far Pacific, one of which was reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* of May 8. This series was printed in Australia, and the profile of the King is more successful than the full-face portrait on Australia's own new 2d. stamp. The Nauru series consists of four values—1½d. red, 2d. orange, 2½d. blue, and 1s. claret.

A set of four "summer charity" stamps has been put on sale in Holland, to remain available from June 1 to July 17. They bear finely engraved portraits of famous Dutchmen, namely—Jacob Maris (1837-1899), the eldest of the three brothers Maris, on the 1½ ct. sepia; Professor Francois de la Boë Sylvius (1614-1672) on the 5 ct. green; Joost van den Vondel (1587-1679) on the 6 ct. purple; and Antonie van Leeuwenhoek (1632-1723) on the 12½ ct. blue.



HOLLAND: JACOB MARIS.

Following upon the Danish stamps shown in *The Illustrated London News* of June 12, Iceland has also issued a set of three small stamps for the Silver Jubilee of the reign of King Christian X. They are all in one design, showing a half-length portrait of the King in uniform. The values are 10 aur. green, 30 aur. brown, and 40 aur. mauve. There are also three values printed together on a special souvenir sheet—15 aur. purple, 25 aur. red, and 50 aur. blue. Of the first group, 150,000 were printed of each value. Of the little souvenir sheets, 50,000 were printed, and these latter appear to have been bought up by speculators.



FINLAND: TO COMMEMORATE MARSHAL MANNERHEIM'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

An addition to the collection of "birthday" stamps comes from Finland in a 2 marks blue stamp, issued June 4, 1937, for the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of Marshal Mannerheim. Ships and trains are among the most popular of stamp designs, and there are many collectors who delight in forming their own postage-stamp navies or railways. France has just issued a pair of stamps in honour of the 13th International Railway Congress. They are finely engraved in intaglio. The 30 centimes green, by Ouvré, shows an electric locomotive, and the 1f. 50 blue, by Degorge, depicts the latest French type of streamlined locomotive.



FRANCE: COMMEMORATING THE RAILWAY CONGRESS.

It is curious how easily a familiar title or quotation may be rendered incorrectly. This year France is issuing a 90 centimes stamp to mark the tercentenary of Descartes' great work, "Discours de la Méthode." These interesting stamps, which bear a portrait of Descartes and an open book, were engraved, printed, and ready for issue, when the literary critics pointed out that the open book showed the title as "Discours sur la Méthode." The die is being re-engraved with the correct title.



YUGOSLAVIA: PRINCE ANDREJ (LEFT) AND PRINCE TOMISLAV.

Four stamps from Yugoslavia present a contrast to the many portraits of veterans on recent stamps. Issued in connection with a national child welfare campaign, they bear portraits of the young brothers of the youthful King Peter II., Prince Tomislav (right), and Prince Andrej (left).

In many an old stamp-album we still find a few of the old "local" stamps which were used to frank letters conveyed by the Danube Steam Navigation Company. This famous company's steamers have plied the Danube regularly since 1837, and it is appropriate that the Austrian Post Office Administration should celebrate the centenary in a series of handsome photogravure stamps, issued on June 9. The stamps, which depict early and modern steamers, are of the following values—12 groschen brown showing the *Maria Anna*, 24 groschen blue the *Franz Schubert*, and 64 groschen green the *Oesterreich*.



AUSTRIA: THE "OESTERREICH" ON THE DANUBE.

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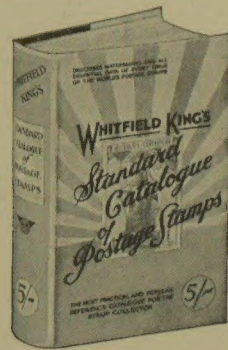


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- Sir Edward:* "Granted that your terms beat the 'Tote' badly it would appear that the facilities only benefit stay-at-home backers, and that you have very little to offer a racegoer."
- Duggie:* "What about the 5% bonus on win bets, and 25% bonus on place bets?"
- Sir Edward:* "... foolish to have forgotten that. Have you a Course representative?"
- Duggie:* "No, my business is done at Stuart House; but surely it's much easier to telegraph from the Course than to queue up at the 'Tote'?"
- Sir Edward:* "Admitted, but there's the expense of sending telegrams."
- Duggie:* "Sorry to pull you up again, Sir Edward. You've forgotten that I pay for all telegrams my clients send me."
- Sir Edward:* "Hang it all ... should have remembered that. Any other factor?"
- Duggie:* "Yes, a very important one, rather technical, but quite simple."
- Sir Edward:* "I'll do my best to understand it."
- Duggie:* "Let's presume that the 'Tote' has sold 1,000 2/- units of a horse and returned the odds at the rate of 8/1."
- Sir Edward:* "That's easy to follow."
- Duggie:* "And you wish to invest £100 on that horse at 'Tote' odds."
- Sir Edward:* "Again very simple. I only have to walk up to the machine."
- Duggie:* "Ha, that's the point. Your £100 on the machine would increase the units sold to 2,000 and the odds would be about 4/1 not 8/1."
- Sir Edward:* "Yes, I understand that. There would be 2,000 tickets to share the pool instead of 1,000."
- Duggie:* "Correct, but if you wired your £100 to me any time up to the 'off' as you can according to our arrangement, the number of units on the machine would not be increased and you would still get 8/1 instead of 4/1."
- Sir Edward:* "By Jove, I hadn't thought of that, neither, do I think, has anyone else. Before I leave, can I ask you a rather pertinent question? How is it you can give backers so much better value than the 'Tote'?"
- Duggie:* "Because, Sir Edward, as soon as you put your £1 on the 'Tote' it's worth (at most) only 18/-, 10% less, whereas I work on a tremendously smaller margin of profit."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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